

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series }
Volume XXVII. }

No. 3175—May 13, 1905.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXIV. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|-------|---|--------------------------|
| I. | A Century of International Arbitrations. <i>By Sir John Macdonnell, C.B., LL.D.</i> (Associate of the Institut de Droit International) | |
| | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | 385 |
| II. | M. Combes and Republican Policy: A Reply to M. Combes. <i>By Viscount Llandaff</i> (Ex Home-Secretary) | |
| | NATIONAL REVIEW | 393 |
| III. | The Queen's Man: A Romance of the Wars of the Roses. | |
| | Chapter XVI. (To be continued.) | MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE 405 |
| IV. | Barbados the Loyal. <i>By Frank T. Bullen</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE 410 |
| V. | The Profession of Art. <i>By Lewis F. Day</i> | |
| | MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE | 419 |
| VI. | The Flaking of a Man. <i>By A. O. Vaughan.</i> (To be concluded.) | |
| | LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE | 427 |
| VII. | Scientific Bird's-nesting. <i>By S. Cornish Watkins</i> | TEMPLE BAR 438 |
| VIII. | Hans Christian Andersen | SPECTATOR 443 |
| IX. | Piper, Play! <i>By John Davidson</i> | 448 |
| X. | The Rowfant Books. <i>By Andrew Lang</i> | 448 |
| XI. | Any Mother. <i>By William Canton</i> | 448 |
| | BOOKS AND AUTHORS | 446 |

*
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,
6 Beacon Street, Boston.
*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy, or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

CLOSING OF THE LISTS

THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY

This Illustration Emphasizes a Fact—viz.:

The definite withdrawal on May 15th of "The Outlook's" offer of *The Historians' History of the World*, and the urgent necessity of mailing orders from distant points promptly, so as not to be too late.

(Keep an eye on the calendar.)

On May 15th the Lists will be Closed

so far as present prices are concerned, and higher prices will then go into effect. Unquestionably many persons—thousands probably—who have made up their minds to buy this new *magnum opus* of world-history will put the matter off until the prices have been advanced, and, as the penalty of delay, will pay more for the same book. But those who

Act at Once

still have time enough to enter their subscriptions and get the benefit of the reduced prices which were decided upon in order to introduce the history in the quickest and most effective way. These prices, which can apply only to the first edition, are

43 Per Cent. Less than Regular Prices

For Specimen Volumes, Prices, etc., write to

AT MIDNIGHT, MAY 15TH

OF THE WORLD

As the hands of the clock come together at midnight on May 15th, the list of subscriptions which can be accepted at the introductory prices will be closed.

Those who have not subscribed by that time will have irrevocably lost an opportunity to acquire the greatest world-history ever published, at 43 per cent. less than the regular prices.

If you live at a distance from New York, it is all the more necessary to make haste, for you must allow time for your order to reach this city not later than the 15th. Keep an eye on the calendar.

Do you realize fully the value of the concession which is now being withdrawn?

The Historians' History is universally recognized as the most successful book of many years, and one that is not surpassed in instructive and interesting qualities by any publication of any time.

It has carved a short, straight path through the bewildering labyrinth of historical literature, making the reading of history easy, delightful, and profitable, instead of dry, difficult, and uninviting.

It includes the most splendid writings of all the great historians who have ever lived, elucidated and enlivened by editorial comment and woven into a narrative of perfect symmetry. The 2000 historians whose writings are given at length range from Thucydides to Theodore Roosevelt. Every great university of the world is represented among the special contributors.

Americans need nothing so much at this stage of their national career as a broad knowledge of world-history, such as the present work alone furnishes. "I have never seen a work that so completely answers this purpose as *The Historians' History of the World*," writes ex-President Grover Cleveland. That opinion is repeated in various forms by the foremost scholars of the United States.

MAY, 1905.

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| :: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

(Keep an eye on the calendar.)



Below are given the latest dates on which you can send your order for *The Historians' History of the World* to insure its reaching New York before the closing date:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| Pacific Coast . . . | May 9 |
| Rocky Mountain Region . . . | " 11 |
| Mississippi Valley . . . | " 12 |
| Southwest . . . | " 12 |
| Southern States . . . | " 13 |
| Middle West . . . | " 13 |
| Eastern States . . . | " 14 |

THE OUTLOOK, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York

Interesting, New Publications

WILD WINGS

By HERBERT K. JOB, Author of "Among the Water Fowl."

The adventures and observations of a camera-hunter among the wild birds of North America, on land and sea. The book is sure of a welcome by a large and growing class of bird observers and nature lovers. With an introductory letter by President Roosevelt, and fully illustrated from photographs. Square 8vo. \$3.00 net. Postpaid, \$3.21.

THE ETERNAL LIFE

By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, Author of "American Traits," etc.

The value of Professor Münsterberg's solution is that it can be harmonized with the teachings of modern science as well as with the highest emotional demands of our nature. "The argument, preserving the form of intimate, earnest, confidential talk, is pursued with charming sincerity of revealing, with rare literary grace and a scholarly dialectic."—*Boston Herald*. 16mo, 85 cents net. Postpaid, 91 cents.

THE CHILDREN of GOOD FORTUNE

By C. HANFORD HENDERSON, Author of "Education and the Larger Life," "John Percyfield," etc.

Dr. Henderson in his very successful romance, "John Percyfield," and his earlier work on "Education and the Larger Life," has won a notable position through his frank, attractive expression of fresh and keen views on matters of conduct and opinion. His new volume is a stimulating and suggestive essay in morals. Crown 8vo., \$1.30 net. Postpaid, \$1.43.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

By LYMAN ABBOTT, Author of "Christianity and Social Problems," etc.

A live discussion of the question: Why do people go to church? Dr. Abbott's answer to this question will be equally helpful to clergymen and laymen. Crown 8vo., \$1.50 net. Postpaid, \$1.62.

Witness to the Influence of Christ

By WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, Lord Bishop of Ripon, Author of "History of the Church of England," etc.

An important discussion of the religion of today by one of the leaders of the Church of England. Dr. Carpenter deals with the historical fact of the influence of Christ, and the spiritual fact of this influence in religious experience. 12mo., \$1.10 net. Postage extra.

THE FAIR EASTERN TROPICS

By ALLEYNE IRELAND, Author of "Tropical Colonization," etc.

"A series of studies in tropical administration that every American interested in his country's experiment in the Philippines should read carefully. Mr. Ireland is a keen and experienced observer."—*Boston Transcript*. With colored map. Large crown 8vo., \$2.00 net. Postpaid, \$2.14.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BEAUTY

By ETHEL D. PUFFER.

Miss Puffer deals critically with the views of the most progressive writers of the French and German schools in the field of psychological aesthetics, and presents the most modern systematic aesthetics published in English. Her original theories of musical experience and dramatic emotion are sure to be received with interest. 12mo, \$1.25 net. Postpaid. (Ready May 15.)

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXVII.

NO. 3175. MAY 13, 1905.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXLV.

A CENTURY OF INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATIONS.

The world has completed about a century's experience of international arbitration. Rather more than a hundred years separate that which may justly be called the first treaty for the settlement of differences in this manner from the group of treaties concluded a few months ago with France, Germany, Italy, and Portugal, &c. There is about the same interval between the North Sea Inquiry which ended the other day and what may be termed the earliest of modern arbitrations. I use "arbitration" in a wide sense, including not only, in the words of the Hague Convention, "the determination of controversies between States by judges of their own choice, upon the basis of respect for law," but also inquiries judicially conducted by representatives of States. There were, of course, centuries ago many international arbitrations. They were never quite unknown. Instances of them in antiquity and in the middle ages have been collected, and the list is long. But they had little in common with what we

now call arbitrations. Their methods were not ours, and they were mixed up with mediation and diplomacy. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all kinds of public arbitration fell into disuse. In the eighteenth century, with its confidence in the future of mankind, and its passion for perfectibility, were thinkers who devised schemes for establishing universal peace. But they did not look for aid to arbitration. Their schemes postulated great political changes. They built upon nothing existing. They wanted a new Europe—some said, a new kind of humanity. They trusted to general diets or federations of States acting collectively and putting down war by force of arms.¹ The statesmen who earliest foresaw and proved the possibilities of arbitration were among the founders of the American Constitution, notably Franklin, Washington, and Hamilton. The first of these wrote to his friend Price in 1780, "We make daily great improvements in *natural*, there is one I wish to

¹ Even Penn's scheme contemplates that, if any State refuses to obey the judgment of the Imperial Diet, all the other sovereignties,

"united as one strength," shall compel submission and performance of the sentence.

see in moral, philosophy; the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this?"² Franklin did not live to witness his idea take shape. Washington, Hamilton, and Jay gave it effect. Arbitration, as we know it, dates from 1794, when the treaty signed by Lord Grenville and Mr. Jay was concluded between England and the United States; an instrument which the latest historian of arbitration describes as "un acte capital qui sépare nettement les anciens errements des pratiques modernes."

Some articles of the Treaty of Peace of 1783 were obscure and incomplete. It left a large heritage of miscellaneous disputes as to boundaries and other matters. Hot-headed men said, "Let us fight them out." The mass of the nation, sympathizing with France, and not averse to a renewal of the struggle with England, saw in the Jay Treaty of 1794 a craven surrender to the enemy.³ Even those who were prepared to negotiate with England as to money disputes said, "We shall never submit to arbitration the fate of any part of our territory; it would be consenting to a dismemberment of our country."

Hamilton replied, in words which seem now to express a platitude, but which were then altogether novel:

It would be a horrid and destructive principle that nations could not terminate a dispute about the title to a particular parcel of territory by amicable agreement, or by submission to arbitration as its substitute, but would be under an indispensable obligation to prosecute the dispute by arms, till real danger to the existence of one of the

parties would justify, by the plea of extreme necessity, a surrender of its pretensions.

Against a storm of contumely poured upon them and efforts to intimidate the executive,⁴ Washington and his Cabinet stood firm. The treaty was ratified. In due time a mixed Commission sat to settle the boundary line between Maine and Nova Scotia, the claims of British subjects against the United States, and of the United States on account of captures by British vessels. That was the beginning of modern arbitration.

It may not be amiss at this time to review the chief features of this century of experience and to note a few of the chief results. The task is lightened by several useful works lately published, especially by Mr. J. B. Moore's *History and Digest of the International Arbitrations to which the United States has been a Party*, M. La Fontaine's *Pasicrisie Internationale*, M. Lapradelle's and M. Politis's very valuable *Recueil des Traités d'Arbitrage*, and Dr. Darby's *International Tribunals*. The results which they record are not all that was expected by sanguine minds. A calm review of the facts is calculated to sober the enthusiast. There were in last century not a few wars which arbitration did not arrest, and could not have arrested. Diplomacy more than once proved itself much more efficient. But, on the whole, the visionary and enthusiast have here been more shrewd than the so-called practical statesman. The retrospect also suggests certain desiderata. It reveals drawbacks and inconveniences incident to arbitration as it is now conducted.

The fact to be emphasized is that international arbitration as we know it

² Franklin to Price, 6th of February, 1780.

³ Jefferson was opposed to the treaty: "I am not satisfied that we should not be better without treaties with any nation. But I am

satisfied we shall be better without such as this" (4, 120).

⁴ Sparks' "Life," I. 504.

originated with the two English-speaking nations. It has been used by them far more than by others. The greatest disputes terminated by means of it have been those between the people of America and England. It is in a sense an Anglo-Saxon institution. It has passed into other lands even as has trial by jury. There are inevitably considerable differences in the computation of the exact number of international arbitrations; some including in their enumeration proceedings, such as mixed diplomatic commissions, which others omit. According to Mr. Moore, the United States have been in last century a party to fifty-three arbitrations out of 136. President Elliot stated in 1896 that there has been during the 104 years which had elapsed since the American Constitution was formed only four-and-a-quarter years of international war, and that "within the same period the United States had been a party to forty-seven arbitrations, being more than half of all those that have taken place in the modern world." M. La Fontaine, whose survey extends from 1794 to 1900, enumerates 177 instances, and assigns 70 cases to Great Britain, 56 to the United States, 26 to France, 9 to Italy, 4 to Russia, and Germany none. M. Lapradelle and M. Politis, in their carefully prepared *Recueil*, commencing at 1789 and ending at 1855, say: "Dans cette période, qui couvre plus d'un demi-siècle, on compte vingt-deux procédures arbitrales, où, soit comme demandeurs, soit comme défendeurs, les Etats-Unis reviennent 13 fois, l'Angleterre 13 fois, les Etats allemands 4, la France 4, le Mexique 2, les Cantons Suisses 2, les Pays-Bas 1, la Grèce 1, l'Espagne 1, le Portugal 1"; in other words, 26 Anglo-American arbitrations, 6 Interfederal, 4 French, 2 Mexican, the others 1 for each nation; or about 60 per cent. Anglo-American, the French element under 8 per cent., the German-Swiss

about 12. Dr. Darby, who includes in his list very many cases which I should omit, enumerates no fewer than 471 "cases formally referred to arbitral judgment" in the nineteenth century. To about 131 of these Great Britain was a party, to about 82 of them the United States, the figure for Germany being 27. According to any computation the great majority of them have been between the two first-named countries. And of these arbitrations by far the most important have been those in which this country and the United States were concerned. Judged by any test, the awards as to the North-Eastern boundaries, the Alabama claims, the Behring Sea dispute, the Venezuela and the Alaska boundaries were the chief decisions within the last hundred years.

A further remark on this point; the form of arbitration which has lately found favor and which is now general—reference, not to a sovereign, but to one or more jurists—is of Anglo-American origin. The type which was long in favor on the Continent is being abandoned. MM. Lapradelle and Politis draw this distinction:

Tandis que l'arbitrage Anglo-Américain par commissions mixtes est l'œuvre de particuliers, l'arbitrage de type français est l'œuvre de princes. . . . Le juge est souverain. Mais, comme entre souverains, il serait difficile de composer un tribunal, le juge est unique. Tandis que en Amérique, l'arbitrage, *justice de plain-pied*, se rend par des commissions, où, dans la pureté du système, les nationaux seuls pénètrent, en Europe, l'arbitrage, *justice en haut*, émane, aussi loin qu'on puisse remonter sur terre, d'un arbitre souverain, unique, étranger.*

For all this there were good reasons. The reference of disputes to one or more persons agreed upon was in accordance with the genius of our people, and was only an expansion of existing

* P. xxxviii.

practices. The Americans had in early days had much experience of arbitration in settling disputes as to boundaries between the States. The founders of the Republic had taken part in such controversies. Washington himself had helped to settle the Virginia frontier line. Arbitration was only doing for disputes between nations what was customary in interstatal contests. "The colonist knew the frontiersman's advance into disputed territory, the surveyor's chain, the diplomatist's pen, and the commissioners' conference."* Private arbitration had always been common in those two countries. That is not true of the Continent. Neither in France nor Germany has private arbitration been so much used as it has been with us. There people are accustomed to settle their disputes in the manner and in the courts which the Government prescribes for them. It is comparatively rare to create by agreement tribunals for special disputes. I may hazard suggesting another reason for the priority of the two English-speaking countries. A despotic Government or a strong bureaucracy is naturally jealous of the interference of amateurs and outsiders. It does not care to invite the aid of an auxiliary that may become a master or rival. One cannot imagine a Louis the Fourteenth, a Napoleon, or a Metternich consenting to arbitrate anything. It is peculiarly the institution of free people. Business principles applied to politics do not suit the crooked ways of a certain class of diplomatists, or rulers with "destinies," "missions," or colossal schemes of aggrandizement on hand.

Two other conspicuous facts are to be noted. International arbitration has not, as unthinking folk hoped, put an end to wars, but it has been successful far beyond reasonable expectation.

*A. Bushnell Hart, "The Foundations of American Foreign Policy," p. 93.

All sorts of quarrels, big and little, have been determined by it; political matters of the first magnitude as well as trifling private disputes; the ownership of large tracts of territory; claims for wrongs suffered by foreigners at the hands of governments; obscure geographical questions. More than once, when diplomacy had come to a deadlock, and war seemed at hand, arbitration was the way out. One feat has been accomplished by means of it. In last century, as in no other time of the world's history, have States been engaged in defining their boundaries—a task too delicate and dangerous to be often attempted in earlier ages; and if this has been effected on a large scale, especially in Asia and America, without bloodshed, it is due to the employment of arbitration in some form. Of some hundred awards given in last century few, if any, were complete failures. It is indeed remarkable that, as to questions over which national feeling ran high, there have been no clear instances of downright injustice. Some of the awards, according to the best opinion, have been, in whole or part, questionable in point of justice. There was much hostile and deserved criticism of the San Juan award and of certain parts of the Geneva award. But none of the awards of the last century were perverse verdicts. All of them were arguable. And of these many awards, some of which were very distasteful to the vanquished, only one was not obeyed; and in that case the arbitrator had gone outside the submission. It was a case in which, if the arbitration had been a private one, our courts would probably have set it aside. Could as much be said of a like number of private arbitrations? With some experience of their working, I say "No." To be sure, there is a "sanction" to awards under private submissions or to judgments in private litigation; our courts will en-

force them. Much good the "sanction" does many a successful litigant. The sheriff is put in; but the victor is not paid. The international award is always carried out. The award without the "sanction" may be, and often is, worth much more than that with it. Even when public arbitrations have been tardy, protracted, and inconclusive, they have had their uses. They often do for an international dispute what a royal commission does for a troublesome domestic question—they are a decent form of interment; they are a refrigerating chamber in which popular sentiment, when risen to a dangerous degree, may be cooled down. Diplomacy has good cause to welcome what acts as a corrective to passionate impulses hurrying nations to extremities. An award with all its preliminaries often serves as a lightning-conductor to draw off dangerous elements.

Several times in the period under review have attempts been made by men of eminence to set limits to the efficacy of arbitrations. It has been said: "They may settle minor quarrels; for really important matters they are useless." Such assertions have not proved true. In the forties feeling in the United States ran high with respect to the Oregon boundary, the subject of a long-standing controversy with this country. The ownership of a large portion of territory was in dispute, and the people seemed in no mood to arbitrate. "Fifty-four or fight" was the cry. President Polk declared himself opposed to submitting to arbitration the territorial rights of his nation. In the end they were submitted all the same, and were ultimately decided, in 1872, by the award of the Emperor of Germany, in favor of the United

States.⁷ Another illustration of the precariousness of any attempts to circumscribe the area of arbitration may be given. In his admirable address to the American Bar Association in 1896, Lord Russell indicated three classes of disputes as fit to be arbitrated upon: (1) where the right in dispute will be determined by the ascertainment of the facts; (2) where, the facts being ascertained, the right in question depends on the application of international law; (3) where the dispute is one which may be determined on a give-and-take principle. This classification was carefully considered; and yet in about two years the author of it was acting, and with signal success, as arbitrator in a dispute not clearly within the large ambit which he had marked out. In the dispute between this country and Venezuela was every element of a quarrel to be pursued to the bitter end. The facts were obscure. The territory in dispute was worth comparatively little, to a large extent low, swampy, and poisonous; the white inhabitants were not many; and, a circumstance which in other days would have made war inevitable, a nation which had no direct concern in the quarrel interfered in it in a manner which seemed needlessly offensive, and for reasons which most enlightened Americans now admit were sophistical. And yet this question, lying somewhat outside the province of arbitration as defined by Lord Russell, was amicably settled by himself and his fellow arbitrators.⁸

Private arbitration has grave defects. Many arbitrators conceive themselves to be advocates bound to do the best for "their side." Rarely corrupt, they are often open to extra-judicial influences; it may be the opinions of

⁷ "If this episode in the territorial history of the United States proves anything, it is that the most complicated boundary disputes may be harmonized by patience and with honour."—A. Bushnell Hart, p. 101.

⁸ In the address by the Attorney-General on International Arbitration are interesting and suggestive remarks on the different functions of Arbitration and International Congresses.

friends, or the dominant sentiment of their trade or profession. Then, too, they will hedge and trim. Instead of being clear-cut decisions, their awards are compromises which may be conciliatory without being just. They need give no reason, and they never establish principles. What is true of private arbitration holds in degree of public arbitrations. Some of these evils are reproduced, and occasionally in an aggravated extent, in the latter. Arbitrators too often assume it to be their sole business to look after the interests of their country and to get a verdict for it; to act as smart diplomats rather than as unbiassed judges. An impartial arbitrator is hard to find when national interests are deeply involved; and there is a political element in most of the larger disputes. In regard to some matters one may look far to find the umpire with the open and not the empty mind; one who is both competent and unprejudiced. The range of selection is sometimes small; it is as if a "good jury" had to be struck from a group of avowed partisans. To be sure, in most treaties is provision for nominating an umpire or a third party, generally a representative of some of the smaller States, which now play a part in the settlement of disputes similar to that in mediæval times filled by Popes. But what certainty is there that he will be a competent judge? The question may be as to the rights and duties of a neutral State with a large seaboard and many harbors. A Swiss jurist sitting as umpire may be pardoned if he fail to appreciate the difficulties besetting such a State in performing its duties. A tribunal of five London cabmen empowered to inquire whether a sixth cabman had recklessly run over a foot passenger might be tempted to find that there was no reason for censuring the former or depriving him of his license; and several admirals may

feel much the same as to another whose conduct is in question. The report in the North Sea Inquiry shows the good and the weak sides of arbitration (in the large sense of the word). In substance, the findings, we may take it, were right; but the arbitrators, it is probable, did not wholly escape the influence of their nationality or profession; and, instead of proclaiming, as the occasion suggested, the right of peaceful vessels to navigate freely the high seas, the report seems to assume that vessels of a belligerent on a mission of war have some privilege, and may, subject to paying damages, shoot at sight at any craft which they suspect.

I touch the chief obstacle to the extension of arbitration in saying that there is needed a class of arbitrators known to be proof against the pressure of domestic opinion. There have been and are such persons. "I believe he would decide against his country if he thought it was wrong," was the exclamation of amazement of one who had witnessed the demeanor of Lord Hannen when sitting as arbitrator in the Behring Sea Inquiry; and the late Mr. E. J. Phelps, Lord Herschell, and Lord Russell were ideal arbitrators. Perhaps the greatest impulse given in late years to arbitration, the circumstance best calculated to increase confidence in it, was Lord Alverstone's agreement with the representatives of the United States in regard to one capital point in the late inquiry as to the Alaska boundary.

No doubt there has been of late improvement in the character and procedure of arbitral tribunals. A higher standard is imposed and observed. It is barely conceivable that a question such as that which was decided at Geneva should come before such a tribunal as that which sat there in 1871; some of the members imperfectly acquainted with our language, and with

little preliminary knowledge of the matters in dispute. Nor are we likely to see a repetition of the extra-forensic consultations which during some proceedings shocked English lawyers, accustomed to the strict observance of rules of etiquette which shut out invisible and underhand influences. It is not so long ago since judges in this and other countries conceived themselves to be the King's servants, in the sense that they were biassed in favor of the Crown. It is too soon to expect all international arbitrators to rise above the region of so-called patriotism. One change as to the constitution of such tribunals is going on. In the past, Sovereigns were, on the whole, preferred as arbitrators, especially by Continental countries, as likely to be exalted above petty interests. But there are serious objections to this choice, and probably such references will become rarer. In the first place, the proceedings before them go on very

much in the dark. Even if, as may be assumed, care is taken to arrive at the truth, the decision does not command the same weight as one reached after full argument conducted before the world. The determination may in fact rest with some unknown person, competent or not, impartial or otherwise. The Sovereign consults his Ministers, who put the matter before the Foreign Office; and an obscure official may ultimately determine that which is of profound consequence to two countries. Often, too, Sovereigns have omitted to preface and support their decisions, unimpeachable in point of justice, by a full statement of the reasons which have influenced them. Awards lose much of their value when they are not fortified by reasoning. Further, experience of such awards is not wholly favorable. Some of those which have been most criticised have been made by Sovereigns.* On the whole, it would seem that the best tribunal is

* Mr. John Quincy Adams has some remarks on this point: "The question upon the construction of the first article of the Ghent Treaty was merely a question of the grammatical meaning of a written sentence. Nothing could be more simple, and a Sovereign could decide it in person as well as by ministers or commissioners. But a complicated question about the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River, the geocentric latitude, charters of English colonies, proclamations and acts of Parliament, geographical surveys of North American wildernesses, and ridges of highlands dividing rivers that fall into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean, it is impossible that a sovereign absorbed in the cares of his own Government should have time or be willing to take upon himself the labor of acquainting himself with the merits of the dispute sufficiently to decide with justice, and in a satisfactory manner, either to himself or to the parties" ("Memoirs of John Quincy Adams," 6, p. 42). M. Lapradelle's and M. Politis' remarks are to the same effect: "Non seulement les solutions n'ont pas de motifs, ou ces motifs, de développements; mais, en elles-mêmes, elles n'ont pas de justesse. Les sentences de Guillaume I^{er} de Hollande (10 Janvier, 1831), de la Reine Victoria (1^{er} Août, 1884), de Louis Napoléon (30 Novembre, 1852) méritent, quant au fond, les plus vives critiques. Celle de

Guillaume III. de Hollande (13 Avril, 1852) n'est pas non plus parfaite, quoique infiniment moins critiquable. Les meilleures sentences de souverains sont celles d'Alexandre I^{er} de Russie (22 Avril, 1822), et du roi de Prusse Frédéric Guillaume IV. (30 Novembre, 1843). Mais la première subordonne la question de droit à la question de grammaire; la seconde, qui manque de motifs, bénéficie plutôt d'une heureuse coïncidence que du juste sentiment des délicatesses de l'affaire. Les six arbitrages par souverains qui se placent dans la première période, que couvre ce volume, mettent tour à tour en jeu les plus belles questions de droit; celle de la nature juridique de l'occupatio bellica (1822); celle des pouvoirs de l'arbitre en matière de conteste territorial (1831); celle du blocus d'un territoire national en fonction de fermeture des ports; celle des effets de la déclaration de guerre, quant à la responsabilité du belligérant vis-à-vis de son adversaire, quant à l'expulsion des nationaux (1844), et quant à la transformation, en confiscation, du séquestre antérieur des navires (1844 et 13 Avril, 1832); celle de la responsabilité du neutre en cas d'agression d'un belligérant dans ses eaux (30 Avril, 1832). Mais ces théories de droit, si intéressantes, sont, la première écartée, la seconde incomprise, la troisième entrevue de loin, la quatrième et la cinquième mal saisies, la sixième prise à rebours."

one composed of lawyers hearing evidence in open court and giving reasons, subject to professional criticism, for their decisions. They are at least as likely to come to a right conclusion as any other class, and their decisions help to evolve a complete system of international law. This is at present the dominant type.¹⁰

This recalls another obstacle to the expansion of international arbitration. As to not a few questions the parties do not know what principles will be applied. A statesman may be excused if he sometimes hesitates to submit to arbitration grave questions while large parts of international law are obscure and unsettled. Such is still the case; it is strikingly true of a class of questions likely in these days to give rise to disputes. It is possible that at the close of this war Japan may make a claim against France for unduly sheltering or aiding Russian ships of war. Over such a controversy there would arise differences as to matters of principle. The code and practice of France as to this differ from ours and from those of Japan. These differences have been widely discussed; almost every expert has committed himself to an opinion upon them; and the selection of the arbitrators or umpire might be almost equivalent to the determination of the dispute. Private persons would shrink from arbitration if they did not know whether the law of Japan or of France was to be applied to the settlement of their disputes. The field for arbitration will be much enlarged when the rights and duties of neutral States are settled. Of another obstacle I write with hesitation, but it is too serious to be passed over in silence. The refusal of the Senate of the United States to ratify general treaties of ar-

¹⁰ MM. Lapradelle and Politis point out that certain groups of countries favor certain types of arbitration; e.g. Great Britain and the United States a mixed arbitral commission (p. 31).

bitration with this country or with France or Italy may be justified on the ground that it would be an unconstitutional delegation of the Senate's powers. Or it may be explained as a protest against President Roosevelt's policy. The discussion of the treaties, however, reveals the existence of a minority, very small but active, now as in 1897, who think that the ratification of a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain would imperil a valuable national asset, the traditional hatred of her surviving in certain classes. That fact is a real impediment,¹¹ and it unfortunately exists in the country which has done so much for arbitration.

I add one word as to the procedure in arbitrations. We see, as the authors of the *Recueil* point out in their luminous introduction, a gradual evolution; arbitration ceasing to be diplomatic and becoming more and more judicial in character; arbitrators bound not to "settle," but to judge and to give reasons for their conclusion. Some questions which once gave trouble are no longer mooted; for example, whether arbitrators are free to determine the scope of the submission to them. There are well-understood usages as to taking evidence and as to the delivery of a case or memorandum and counter case or counter memorandum. A system of procedure already fairly complete has been evolved. But it is too soon to think of stereotyping it. Some friends of arbitration deprecate special treaties. "Keep to the machinery of the Hague Convention," they say. Arbitration, it seems to me, is much too big for this. Variety here means vitality and growth.

Looking back on the arbitrations of last century, they are seen not to be detached incidents in its history. We

¹¹ "Customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate," is Mr. Cleveland's phrase.—"Presidential Problems," p. 277.

witness the formation of a new institution, a new organ for harmonious relations between States, with functions of its own; an evolution not unlike that which created ages ago in most countries tribunals for the settlement of domestic disputes. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave the world permanent embassies, permanent

The Nineteenth Century and After.

means of conducting intercourse between nations. The eighteenth century at its close gave the rudiments of a rational law of neutrality. The nineteenth gave international arbitrations, which, in the words of William Penn, tend not a little "to the rooting up of wars, and planting peace in a deep and fruitful soil."

John Macdonell.

M. COMBES AND REPUBLICAN POLICY.

In the last number of this Review,* M. Combes expresses his regret that the religious policy of his Government was not appreciated as it deserved to be by a considerable section of Liberal opinion in England. He suggests that his British critics have been swayed by British principles and practices, and have ignored the features of the situation in France. The only "British principle" which has led Englishmen to condemn the policy of M. Combes is the principle of justice, fair play, and consideration for political opponents, which surely belongs to all countries. M. Combes had, as Minister of France, to administer a highly penal law. He wrested it unfairly from its true spirit and intention; and used it to crush those whom he regarded as his political adversaries, and to root out a religion which he hates. To many Englishmen this appears an odious policy. The Catholic Union of Great Britain, which represents the Catholic body in this country and comprises as many Liberals as Conservatives, on March 7, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

That the Catholic Union of Great Britain has viewed with grief and indignation the measures adopted for some years in France and still persisted in, which tend to root out the Christian religion from that country;

*The Living Age, April 1, 1905.

and desires to express heartfelt sympathy with the devoted men and women upon whom the brunt of the persecution has fallen.

A review of the facts will justify the terms of this resolution.

The Law of Associations of July 1, 1901, enacted before M. Combes became Minister, but supported by him in the Legislature, dealt liberally with Civil Associations, but harshly with Religious Congregations. Under that law, and the administrative decrees which complete it, all existing unauthorized Congregations were dissolved unless within three months from the date of the law they presented a demand for authorization to the Minister of the Interior. This demand had to be accompanied by copies of their rules, stating the objects for which the Congregation was formed; by a complete inventory of all their property real and personal; and by an undertaking that the Congregation and its members would submit to the jurisdiction of the ordinary, who in France is an official of the State. The Minister, on receipt of this demand, was to ask for the opinion of the Municipal Council of the Commune in which the Congregation was established, and for a report from the Prefect. He was then to submit to Parliament Bills, either for granting or refusing the authoriza-

tion, which could be granted only by a law passed by both Chambers. Members of an unauthorized Congregation were forbidden to direct an educational establishment of any sort, or to teach in it, under penalties that may amount to 5000 francs fine, and a year's imprisonment. Congregations that failed to obtain authorization were dissolved and declared unlawful; and mere membership of an unauthorized Congregation involved the same penalties of fine and imprisonment.

The property held by an unauthorized Congregation was to be seized and handed over to a liquidator. If any part of that property belonged to one of the members before he joined the Congregation, or had since accrued to him, it was to be restored to him by the liquidator. Any property given to the Congregation was to be restored to the donor or his representatives. All other property held by the Congregation was to be sold, and the proceeds applied to the support of destitute members of the dissolved Congregation.

There is no doubt that this law places religious Congregations under the control of the French Parliament, who can decide as to their allowance or suppression. But it is equally clear that the decision must be a judicial one, based on inquiry into the merits of each application, not an arbitrary one based on some *a priori* principle. If the Congregations are required to send up their rules, and a full statement of their objects, their numbers, and their pecuniary resources; if the opinion of the Municipal Councils and the Prefects is called for, it must be the intention of the law that these materials shall be laid before the body which has to decide whether the particular Congregation to which they refer is useful or mischievous, and whether it should be authorized or disallowed. During the debates on this law an amendment was proposed (March 12, 1901) suppressing

all Congregations. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, then Prime Minister, strenuously resisted this amendment as contrary to the very principle of his law, which was that authorization of a Congregation must be granted or refused after attentive examination of its rules and its object. He argued that at all periods of the old French monarchy the principle had always been upheld that when a religious Congregation was being formed the State had the right to examine its rules, and to inquire into its objects. This principle, he said, was the essential and fundamental basis of his law. At another period of the debates in the Senate, fears were expressed by some members that the majority in the Chambers would do precisely what, under M. Combes' guidance, they have since done, namely, reject all demands for authorization of set purpose. Waldeck-Rousseau replied that this was too hasty a condemnation of Parliament. "Do you believe," he said, "that French Chambers, having before them rules that are sincere and not full of dissimulation, rules that proclaim objects philosophical, philanthropical, or of social interest, will be animated by an absolute *parti pris*, and will say, it is a Congregation, we refuse to authorize it?" In this debate mention was made of the Congregation of Picpus, to which attention had been called by the heroic life and death of Father Damien, one of its members, among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands; and M. Waldeck-Rousseau in an eloquent passage did justice to the charity and devotion of certain Congregations, and exclaimed: "Neither the interest nor the peril of this debate threaten them." The Senate ordered the *affichage* of this speech; that is to say, it was printed and posted up in every commune in France.

The parliamentary pledges of M. Waldeck-Rousseau were thus communi-

cated and repeated to the electors, and no doubt had considerable influence on the general election which followed soon after. We shall see presently how M. Combes falsified these assurances.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau resigned soon after the passing of the Law of 1901, and M. Combes became President of the Council. Some religious Congregations, justly estimating the temper of the Chambers, declined to apply for authorization, and were consequently extinguished. Others did apply, and among them some sixty Congregations of men possessing hundreds of houses or establishments in France, in the Colonies, and in foreign countries. Numerous Congregations of women also applied, possessing schools, orphanages, infirmaries and charitable institutions of various kinds. The feeling of the country does not seem to have been hostile to these Congregations. Out of 1871 Municipal Councils whose opinion was asked, 1147 were in favor of the Congregations, 545 were against them, and 179 returned no answer. The Prefects, who are dependent on the Government, were, as might have been expected, hostile to the Congregations; of the Prefects consulted 571 gave opinions unfavorable to the authorization sought, 72 gave opinions in favor of establishments in their district; and 539 returned no answer. The silence of a Prefect when the Minister questions is significant. It is fair to conjecture that the desire to please would have prompted the answer that was expected, if the weight of opposing fact had not been too great to overcome. The reasons given by the Prefects opposed to Congregations are instructive. Some allege that Congregation schools compete too successfully with the public lay schools. In one case the Marianist Brothers have 317 pupils in their school, while the public school has only 18. Others say that the Congregations exercise on the relig-

ious population of the rural districts a certain influence which is manifested especially at election times; or that their teaching is contrary to the spirit of French democracy; or that the votes given by members of the Congregations are the sole cause that puts the Municipal Council into the hands of the enemies of French institutions. And M. Rabier, who was the member appointed to make a report on the question of authorizing the Congregations, adopts the view of the Prefects and says, "The action of the Congregations is prejudicial to the development of Republican ideas; the disappearance of these inveterate enemies of our *régime* constitutes the best propaganda we can use against the reaction. . . . We are politicians. Our charge is to accomplish a political work and to preserve by all the means in our power the patrimony of the Republic." These statements of M. Rabier have the merit of frankness. They show that the authorization of the Congregations was to be decided, not in a judicial spirit, not on due consideration of services rendered or of public utility, not in the spirit of the Law of 1901, but on grounds of party spirit and political passion. Because members of a Congregation, who after all are French citizens, are supposed to have voted against Government candidates, the Congregation is to be dissolved and swept out of the way. Their schools are said to assist the opposition to Republican institutions or ideals; the Congregation must disappear. This is, in a modern dress, the language and spirit of the times when the charge of *incivisme* was a sure and sufficient passport to the guillotine.

It was in this spirit that M. Combes approached the question. He declined to submit to the Chambers the applications for authorization separately, so that each might be considered on its merits and its particular circum-

stances. He divided the Congregations of men into three classes, the teaching, the preaching, and the trafficking Congregations, the last category applying especially to the Carthusians, who eke out their slender resources by making and selling Chartreuse—to the delight of many men. He proposed by three Bills to disallow all the Congregations of these classes. M. Rabier, the *rapporteur*, thought this was an unnecessarily scrupulous arrangement. One Bill should suffice. For, said he in his report, "the question is not so much to inquire if this or that Congregation is more or less unworthy of authorization, but to condemn the Congregation itself in its object and the means which it employs to attain it." Some of the Congregations had rendered signal service to France by missions in the Levant and the Far East, and these services were acknowledged by M. Delcassé; but M. Rabier says: "We cannot think of pausing on such considerations. We shall not inquire if it is true that those Congregations contribute to the development of French language and French influence in foreign countries. The Foreign Secretary so declares in letters which are among the papers. We will not discuss this point." As to the Congregation of Picpus, to which Father Damien belonged, and of which M. Waldeck-Rousseau had said that it had nothing to fear, M. Rabier contents himself with citing the opinion of a Prefect that the members of that Order are "hostile to the present form of society and of government." Other Congregations had for their chief business to relieve the poor, and to alleviate every form of human suffering. Of such as these M. Rabier says: "It must not be thought that the services they render are a sufficient tribute for the dangers they present." But, conscious of the total inability of the State to replace this mass of voluntary charitable effort, he adds: "You

will refuse authorization, persuaded that the Government, which does not wish to touch these hospitaler-establishments (*établissements-hospitaliers*), so long as the State is not in a position to replace them, will know how to let the establishments in question subsist in their present *modus vivendi*, by a special and limited tolerance." M. Rabier did not explain how Congregations which would be dissolved by non-authorization, whose members would be forbidden to meet, whose property would be seized by a liquidator, could continue their charitable work for the convenience of the State, in what he calls a *modus vivendi*.

M. Combes' policy was successful. The Congregations had prepared their evidence, had collected documents, had hoped to be heard severally by the Chamber, and to have their claims to authorization impartially examined. They were not heard. No inquiry was made into the special circumstances of any one case. It was sufficient that they were all Congregations. M. Combes' three categories were all refused authorization, and ceased to exist. Caligula expressed a pious wish that the Roman people had but one neck, which he might sever at one blow. M. Combes has done better than the Roman tyrant. He forged three necks for all his victims, and severed them all.

A disturbing incident occurred during the progress of these Bills. M. Waldeck-Rousseau intervened in the debates, and stated that the intention of the Legislature in the law he had himself proposed and carried was, that each demand of authorization should be separately examined and submitted to both Chambers. He further stated that in his opinion the public authorities ought to be very liberal in granting authorizations; that the refusal of them ought in common justice to be the exception and not the rule; and finally

that it was improper to "transform a law of control into a law of exclusion." This speech was simply a re-affirmation of the parliamentary pledges which M. Waldeck-Rousseau had previously given and a reasonable interpretation of the law itself. M. Combes, who is not a lawyer, pleasantly tells the *National Review* that he "fully acknowledges the intrinsic differences of temperament between himself and M. Waldeck-Rousseau." It is the first time that the difference between justice and injustice has been softened down into a difference of "temperament."

The fate of the female Congregations was swiftly settled in the same manner. With few exceptions, all were refused authorization, without inquiry and without even a plausible excuse. Some of them were contemplative Orders, whose members led cloistered lives, secluded from the world, and having no contact with life outside the convent walls save through their prayers for France. Others bestowed all their time in the arduous task of instructing the ignorant, of feeding the hungry, of nursing the sick, and of relieving the miseries of indigence and infirmity. All alike were doomed to destruction.

It is difficult to realize the magnitude of the ruin wrought by these measures. Complete statistics are wanting. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in introducing the Law of 1901, stated that some 75,000 persons had to be dealt with, as members of unauthorized Congregations. M. Combes is said to have received applications for authorization for 12,800 houses or establishments. There were twenty-five teaching Congregations of men, with 1690 establishments in the list of the unauthorized. Eight of these had no less than 228,523 pupils. The first batch of establishments closed included 750 schools taught by the Christian Brothers, 1054 schools for girls

taught by religious women, and nearly 600 orphanages where the waifs and strays of the country were tended by the sisters. There were numerous establishments where the deaf and dumb are taught, where the blind are educated, where the sick are nursed. No less than 250,000 aged and infirm persons were supported, clothed, and served by the charity of the Congregations. All these schools and charitable institutions were erected, maintained, and equipped by voluntary effort, and without any assistance from the public taxes. The cost to the public of replacing them is estimated in millions. The State cannot provide the lay teachers who are to succeed the Religious in sufficient numbers, or with sufficient qualifications. Orders that have existed for centuries, like the Dominicans with their list of celebrated names from St. Thomas Aquinas to Lacordaire, or the Benedictines with their noble traditions of learning, of labor, and of prayer, have been swept out of France. Franciscans, who have followed the precepts of their Founder, and have taught the fraternity, not of M. Combes, but of the Gospel, have disappeared with their missions in China, Abyssinia, Turkey, and the Holy Land. The suppression of these missionary Congregations is described by M. Leroy-Beaulieu (who is not a "Clerical") in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as a "policy of national suicide." Thousands of men and women have been turned out of the homes where their lives were devoted to prayer and works of charity. Many were of advanced age, and ill-fitted to begin life afresh in the menial occupations to which their poverty compelled them to resort. Many were driven into exile, for M. Combes allowed them no peace in France. In April 1903, he issued a circular to the French Bishops, directing them not to allow ex-Congregationists to preach in any of the churches of

their diocese. In one case two ladies of one family, turned out of their convent, obtained dispensation from their vows, and went to live in their father's house. Unhappily they began to busy themselves in visiting the poor, and thereupon they received a visit from a Commissary of Police, who informed them that two ex-Congregationists living together formed a "Congregation," and that this was against the law. I pass over the painful scenes which occurred in carrying out this legislation, when soldiers with fixed bayonets were sent to expel peaceful women from the homes where they had lived for years in the service of God and of their neighbor. Some officers resigned their commissions rather than assist in this hateful task; and M. Combes describes this recoil of outraged consciences as an "unheard-of act of insubordination."

It might interest English readers to say a word about the Benedictine College of Douai, which had existed since 1625, and had been enlarged, maintained, and equipped by English men, and English money. It was endeared to English Catholics as the place where they could obtain Catholic education during the period when the penal laws made such education difficult or impossible in England. It was exempted, as being English property, from the revolutionary laws of 1790 and March 1793. When war had broken out between England and France, its members were arrested as alien enemies, and its property was sequestered. After the treaty of Paris, the Benedictines returned to Douai, and so much of their former property as had not been sold was administered for their benefit by a Government Board. That state of things continued until M. Combes' liquidator appeared at their gates, evicted them from their College, and seized or sold all their real and personal property. Up to this moment

they have not received one penny of compensation.

If we examine the reasons given by M. Combes to the *National Review* to justify all this havoc, what do we find? We are told that the teaching Orders are "unfit trainers of free citizens"; that their "educational system is incompatible with our ideals"; and that they are "pernicious instruments of that monstrous theocratic doctrine which is fatal to our whole social and political conception, of which the fundamental axiom is, the absolute independence of the State of all dogma, and its recognized supremacy over every religious communion." These are tall words. Reduced to plainer English, they appear to mean that because the Congregations teach French children to say their prayers, to fear God, or to obey the ten commandments, they are violating the fundamental axiom of the modern French State. The "free citizens" of France do not appear to share M. Combes' view, for he admits that as soon as the *Loi Falloux* gave liberty of teaching in France, the Congregations founded schools all over the country (at no cost to the public, but by voluntary efforts), increased the number of their pupils year by year, and not only succeeded in "killing lay competition," but also succeeded in "invading the public schools," into which clerical schoolmasters were introduced by the Communes themselves, as soon as the law allowed them to do so. If, in claiming for the State "supremacy over every religious communion," M. Combes means that the State is entitled to dictate to its citizens what and how much they may believe, and to control not only their outward acts, but the inward convictions of their soul, that is a claim which hardly requires refutation. If he only means that the members of every religious communion must obey the law, however unjust, or bear the penalty,

that is a mere truism. But what law have the Congregations failed to obey? M. Combes says "they openly conspired with the monarchical factions to compass the ruin of our institutions." If this means a conspiracy which was a breach of the law, when was it committed? Why was it not prosecuted under one of the many provisions of the Penal Code which deal with such offences? This, again, is one of those sweeping assertions to which M. Combes is partial, and which can only be met by a general denial. He makes this charge against all the Congregations—male and female—who were refused authorization—among whom, be it observed, the Jesuits and the Assumptionists are not included, since neither of them applied for it. To suggest that communities of nuns, devoting their lives, and all the energies of their mind and heart, to training peasant girls in remote country districts, entered into a conspiracy with monarchical factions, is grotesque. If M. Combes could be cross-examined it would probably turn out that the slender foundation of fact underlying this statement would be, that some members of some Congregation played a part in an electoral contest against some ultra-Republican candidate, as they had a perfect right to do. Again, M. Combes argues in a series of *non sequiturs*, that the Concordat is silent as regards Religious Orders; therefore, they are outside the Concordat, and outside the officially recognized Catholic Church, which was deliberately limited by the text of the Concordat; therefore their existence was a "violation of the Concordat." It is true that the Concordat does not expressly mention Religious Orders, and therefore neither authorizes nor condemns them expressly. But the 1st Article of the Concordat provides that the "Catholic religion shall be freely exercised in France." The free exercise of the

Catholic religion involves the foundation of Religious Orders, which are an important part of its full development. The collection of documents relative to the negotiation of the Concordat, made by Count Boulay de la Meurthe, shows that the First Consul regarded Religious Orders as purely religious institutions, which should owe their existence to the initiative of the Holy See, without any concurrence of the Civil Law. The record of the last conference between the negotiators of the Concordat, held in Joseph Bonaparte's hotel, states that several corrections were made in the draft treaty, one of which was to omit all mention of monasteries, and to make of that matter only the subject of a Brief, if the Pope should think fit. Moreover, Bonaparte himself, so far from treating Congregations as violations of the Concordat, or even of the Organic Articles, established the Christian Brothers as teachers of schools at Rheims, Chartres, Lyons, and other places in 1802; he received in 1803 a deputation of Oratorians and their pupils at Dammartin, and told the Director, in answer to an address, that his scholars "were in good hands"; and, as M. Combes admits, he entrusted the Sulpicians with the task of training candidates for Orders in the restored seminaries.

The real truth is that M. Combes attacked the Congregations because their activity and their popularity rendered them a most efficient instrument for keeping alive religion in France, and it was M. Combes' ambition to achieve "the same salutary work as had been accomplished by the Revolution" in 1793, when altars were overthrown and churches made desolate. He has sought to attain a bad end by bad means.

Having demolished the Religious Orders, M. Combes next turned his attention to the Secular Clergy. His

article in the *National Review* throws an unexpected light on this matter. He tells us that he and most of his colleagues were always in favor of the separation of Church and State, but they thought it "inopportune" to put forward any proposal of that kind. On the contrary, they "deliberately took their stand on the basis of the Concordat"; that is, they deliberately took a course which must have led the Secular Clergy to believe that their position in the State, which depended on the Concordat, was secure. M. Combes tells us that he expected the Secular Clergy would, from sordid motives, "view the expulsion of the Monastic Orders with equanimity." But all the while, as he tells us, he intended, as soon as public opinion was prepared, to "complete the work of emancipating lay society" by divorcing the State from the Church. That is to say, while his Parliamentary conduct was so shaped as to make the Secular Clergy helpful, or at least indifferent, to the attack on the Regulars, he all the time kept hidden, as it were up his sleeve, the knife he intended to apply to their own throat as soon as the Regulars were got rid of.

Throughout his article M. Combes insists on treating the Organic Articles as part and parcel of the Concordat. This is historically untenable. The Concordat was negotiated at great length, and with many dramatic incidents, between the representatives of the Holy See and of the First Consul. It was finally settled and signed in Paris on July 15, 1801 (26 Messidor, An. IX.). The ratifications by the Pope and Bonaparte were exchanged in Paris on September 10, 1801. But it was not published by the French Government till nine months after. In that interval Bonaparte, acting probably under the advice of Talleyrand, submitted to the Legislature the so-called Organic Articles of the Conven-

tion of 1801. These were decreed by the Corps Législatif on April 8, 1802 (18 Germinal, An. X.), and were published, together with the Concordat, as the law of that date, on Easter Day (April 18), 1802.

The Pope had never seen the Organic Articles until they were published. As soon as they came to his knowledge he protested against them. In an allocution to the College of Cardinals he described them as contrary to the Catholic religion, and declared that he had no share in them. This allocution was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 19th Prairial, An. X. The Pope renewed his protest in 1809; and neither he nor any of his successors have assented to these Articles as part of the treaty between the Holy See and France.

It is inconceivable that they should have done so; for the Articles are in some points in contradiction with Catholic doctrine and discipline; in others they contradict the Concordat itself. There are 77 of them which relate to the Catholic Church; but there are 44 more, which relate exclusively to the Protestant Churches in France; and it cannot be suggested that these could have formed part of an agreement between the Pope and the French Government.

The Organic Articles may therefore be part of the law of France, but they cannot in any way bind the Holy See.

All M. Combes' charges against the Pope of breaches of the Concordat are in reality based on acts of the Holy See which appear to him to conflict with one or other of the Organic Articles. There is not a syllable in the Concordat empowering archbishops to deal with complaints of the lower clergy against their suffragans, or forbidding the Nuncio from interfering in the affairs of the Church in France, or preventing a bishop from leaving his see without the leave of the Minister of

Public Worship. Those matters are dealt with in the Fifteenth, Second and Twenty-eighth Organic Articles. M. Combes has not adduced, and cannot adduce, any instance in which the Holy See has failed to observe the stipulations of the only contracts which bind it, namely the Concordat itself.

With regard to the French bishops and clergy M. Combes has recourse to the sweeping assertions in which he delights: "not a single obligation contracted by them which has not been systematically violated;" "the pulpits have been centres of sedition against the Republican Government." When he condescends to particular instances we see at once the futility of his complaints. The Catholic Hierarchy, he says, "participated in the reactionary movements of May 24, 1874, and May 16, 1877;" and their action roused Gambetta and "evoked his immortal phrase, '*Le Cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi.*'" In May 1877 there was a strong movement of opinion among French Catholics against the treatment of the Pope by the Italian Government, and many hot speeches were made by prominent laymen. One bishop, the Bishop of Nevers, took public action. He addressed a circular to the civil functionaries in his diocese asking them to join in manifesting against the Italian policy. This may have been wise or unwise, in good taste or the reverse; but it was not seditious, or criminal, or a breach of any law. It was quite within the bishop's rights as a French citizen. Gambetta, in the speech alluded to by M. Combes in which he uttered his war cry against "Clericalism," asserted without any proof that all the French bishops and clergy thought and felt with the Bishop of Nevers; and, not content with attacking the clergy, he said that the French Senate was "the citadel, the refuge and the lair of clericalism." In the same debate the Prime Minis-

ter, M. Jules Simon (certainly no clerical), professed "for the Catholic religion and for the clergy a profound and sincere respect." As for May 1874 it was the occasion of a defeat of the Duc de Broglie's Ministry by a chance combination of Royalists, Bonapartists, and ultra-Radicals. I am not aware that any bishop or priest was responsible for it; and if they had been, it would not advance M. Combes' argument. It is very probable that the French clergy, like the rest of the nation, are divided into Royalists, Bonapartists and Republicans, it is possible that some of them actively support their opinions; but it is inconsistent with elementary ideas of liberty that this should be made the ground for vindictive and penal legislation against them.

The Organic Articles no doubt created a situation of much difficulty for the French clergy, because they were in conflict with the law of the Church. Indeed, it is the Organic Articles themselves that are a violation of the Concordat. Lanfrey describes the method by which they were tacked on to the treaty as a "disloyal surprise." It was hardly possible that occasions of friction and difference should not arise between the priesthood and the State; and great tact and discretion were necessary to make the machinery run smoothly. Take the case of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon. Accusations were made against them, and public feeling was roused in their dioceses. Candidates for the priesthood refused to receive ordination from one of them. I do not know what the charges against them were. Rome has never revealed them. M. Combes takes upon himself to specify them. How could the Pope, as head of the Church, responsible for its good government, and having jurisdiction to suspend or deprive, avoid taking cognizance of such cases, or exercise his jurisdiction, except by

summoning the bishops to answer these charges at Rome? It is quite true that by the Organic Articles, bishops can only leave their diocese by permission of the Government. Surely any Government with the slightest regard for the well-being of the Church would at once have granted that permission, and have urged the bishops to clear themselves if they could. A Government that wished to create scandal and strife would refuse permission; and this is what M. Combes' Government "very naturally" did. What was the consequence? The bishops, nevertheless, went to Rome, the only tribunal to which they could go. M. Combes should have remembered what Napoleon himself, the most despotic of rulers, once said, "The empire of the law must be strenuously stopped at the limits where the empire of conscience begins." But the Government took no steps to punish this disregard of the Organic Articles by the bishops. On the contrary, they refused to accept their resignation, and insisted on maintaining them in their sees, so as, if possible, to still further embroil the matter.

The only other specific instance mentioned by M. Combes of illegal action by the State clergy is the fact that the Episcopacy addressed to the President of the Republic a "collective declaration," urging him to repudiate the action of his Ministers in dissolving the Congregations. He says this was "in defiance of the Concordat which forbids concerted action." Now the Concordat does not contain a syllable on the subject. The Fourth Organic Article does enact that "No national or metropolitan council, no diocesan synod, no deliberative assembly shall be held without the express permission of the Government." But even this Article, which is one of the fetters by which Bonaparte sought to bind the Church, can hardly be twisted into

meaning that several bishops may not join in signing a petition to the chief of the State. As to the general allegations of disobedience to the law by the bishops, it is sufficient to ask, Where is the evidence? What steps have ever been taken by French Governments against bishops or clergy? The Penal Code bristles with enactments against ecclesiastics who use their spiritual office for secular ends, or for the criticism or censure of any act of the public authorities. The Sixth Organic Article gives an appeal, not to ordinary judicial tribunals, but to a body dependent on Government—the Council of State, against all ecclesiastics for cases of abuse; and "abuse" is defined to mean any excess of power, or disobedience to the law, or invasion of the liberties of the Gallican Church, or any proceeding which may disturb the conscience of citizens, or give public scandal. If the records of the Courts and of the Council of State are searched, it will be found that there are very few, if any, instances in the lapse of a century in which it has been shown that any members of the French Episcopacy or clergy have misused their spiritual office for temporal objects.

The Papal protest against M. Loubet's visit to the King of Italy in Rome is another topic urged by M. Combes, apparently as a reason for the proposal to separate Church and State in France. M. Loubet came to Rome as the representative of France, the "eldest daughter of the Church." His visit to the King of Italy was a condonation by France of the seizure of Rome by the Piedmontese, and was unaccompanied by the slightest courtesy shown to the dispossessed sovereign of Rome. The seizure of Rome was an act of pure undisguised violence, unprovoked by any wrong done, not even preceded by a state of war, carried out by the strong against the

weak, by an ambitious new monarchy against one of the oldest and most legitimate sovereignties in Europe. It was the most glaring violation of the public law of Europe which had occurred since the partition of Poland, or since the attacks against the Papal States by revolutionary France. Speaking of those attacks in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt stigmatized as a crime the seizure of Avignon, which was "separated from its lawful sovereign, with whom not even the pretence of quarrel existed"; and described the subversion of the Papal authority by Joseph Bonaparte as "a transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff (in spite of the sanctity of his age and the unsullied purity of his character), which even to a Protestant seemed hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege." The Emperor of Austria, although he is on terms of political alliance with the King of Italy, has consistently recognized the claims that undeserved misfortune has upon sympathy, and the majesty of Right overborne by Force. He has always declined to visit Rome officially under its new rulers. M. Loubet, however, thought differently from Mr. Pitt and the Emperor of Austria; and because the Pope made a temperate protest against his action, M. Combes calls this an "insult" to France.

M. Combes proposed and laid before the Chambers a law for the abolition of the Concordat; but his Ministry fell before it was discussed. His successors have now brought forward a Bill with the same object, a little less drastic than M. Combes' proposal, but sufficient for the purpose. The Concordat is to be abrogated. All subventions by the State for religious objects, such as salaries to bishops, priests, Protestant ministers, Jewish rabbis, are to cease. All buildings used for worship (cathedrals, churches, chapels,

synagogues) and for the housing of the ministers of religion are declared the property of the State, or of the Communes. The use of these buildings is granted to the different denominations for two years free of charge; for ten years more at a fixed rent, on a repairing lease. After that period it is optional with the State or the Communes to charge what rent they please, or to turn these buildings to other purposes. We may live to see the venerable shrines of Rheims or of Chartres turned into music-halls; and Notre Dame once more devoted to the cult of the "Goddess of Reason." The denominations can only deal with the State or the Communes by forming "associations" for the exclusive purpose of carrying on a particular form of worship. These associations cannot extend the field of their operations beyond ten Departments; and they are only allowed to have an income so strictly limited that it will hardly be possible for them to maintain things in their present state, and impossible for them to undertake any church extensions. Moreover, there are clauses on what is called the "police of worship," by which the freedom of clergymen in the exercise of their ministry is seriously hampered. The chief protests against this Bill have come from the Protestants and the Jews. The Central Council of the Reformed Churches of France has addressed a memorandum against the Bill to the Government. They claim that the temples, chapels, and presbyteries, used by them shall remain the property of the denomination. They point out that a central fund, and not one limited to ten Departments, is necessary if they are to exist; and that general synods, including the whole of France, are part of their religious system. The chief Rabbi, Mr. Lehmann, has addressed a letter to the *Siccle*, in which he protests against the confiscation of

churches mostly built by contributions from the congregation; and against the withdrawal of all assistance from the Budget of public worship.

What we want [he concludes] is that places of worship should belong to those who have built them and pray in them; that each religious denomination should preserve the form of organization which is most in conformity with its traditions and aspirations; Catholicism, its imposing and majestic hierarchy; Protestantism, its presbyterian worship and national synod; Judaism, its central association, with its material and moral action exercised for the benefit of French Judaism.

These pronouncements are of interest as showing that all denominations are equally struck at by the proposed measure. It is not Catholicism only, but all religion that these "heirs of the French Revolution" wish to destroy. Indeed, we were expressly assured long ago by M. Louis Blanc, whose authority on the subject is unquestionable, that "We understand by Clericalism, not only Catholicism, but all religion, and all religiosity, whatever it may be." And many passages could be cited from the Revolutionary Press to show that the heirs of the Revolution hold religious Protestants in even greater abhorrence than Catholics.

There is another interesting chapter of M. Combes' anti-religious crusade upon which he is unaccountably silent in the *National Review*, and that is the system of delation and *espionage* organized by his Government. General André was to "purify" the army. Captain Mollin, of the War Office, was selected to manage the details. He sent lists of officers who were down for promotion to the Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasons, and requested information about them. The Grand Orient collected "notes" on these officers, penned by spies, mostly Freemasons, in all parts of France. These

"notes" obtained publicity, chiefly through M. de Villeneuve, a deputy. They are melancholy reading. Some officers are reported as "opposed to the Government." Of another it is said that he "calumniates the Government, the Freemasons and freethinkers." Of others it is enough to bar their promotion either that he "seems reactionary"; or that he is "careful not to let people know what he thinks, but is most probably an *arrieriste*"; or even that he is "connected with a family which caused the defeat of socialists at a municipal election"; or that he "publicly criticises the Law of Associations, and has his money invested in Belgium." But the great majority of the "notes" turn upon the religious tendencies of the officers. It is made a crime in an officer that he goes regularly to church; that he sends his children to religious schools or seminaries; or even that his wife is a church-goer. One officer spends Sunday "teaching his children the catechism"; and another who had "two bishops at his wedding, and visits an archbishop," is noted as specially dangerous; he must not only be debarred from promotion but watched. One officer gets promotion in spite of the unfavorable "note." The Grand Orient angrily remonstrates; and Captain Mollin humbly apologizes, and says in excuse that Madame Waldeck-Rousseau had insisted on the promotion. In a word, any man who professes religion himself, or who values it for his wife and his children, is shut out from advancement in his profession, and from employment by the State. He is tainted with "religiosity" or "clericalism"; down with him! This infamous system, degrading to the army, and degrading to the Government that used it, recalls some of the most odious practices of 1793, of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and of Fouquier-Tinville. It was feebly defended in the French Chambers. M. Combes

said it was necessary to have informers as "republican agents." It would have been interesting to the readers of the *National Review* to know what he

The National Review.

thinks of the system now. But he may rest assured that it forms one of the reasons why his policy does not recommend itself to English opinion.

Llandaff.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XVI.

At Meg's low knocking Lady Marlowe called to her to enter. She was standing between two candles at the far end of the room, bending over something that she seemed to examine very closely. For a moment, before she plunged this thing into hiding under the heavy folds of her gown, the light flashed on steel. But Meg, strangely agitated, hardly noticed this; if she had, in spite of a certain distrust of Isabel, she would have known it was nothing marvellous that such a woman should carry a weapon for self-defence.

Even now, the girl half reproached herself that it was impossible to keep loyalty both to her grandfather and to Lady Marlowe. Ruddiford could never be for York, as her Ladyship wished; Meg herself, with him, must hold it for the Red Rose. There seemed no great danger; the Queen was victorious. When her Ladyship found that Harry did not return, putting himself, the Queen's man, into her power, she would surely leave the castle. If, in spite of Meg's entreaty, he did come, the danger must be run. Lady Marlowe, feigning or not, had in words consented to the marriage. It must take place instantly; Harry, master of Ruddiford, must act for Sir William; he would know how to handle these difficult matters, far better than a girl who could only see her way from one moment to another. Sometimes Meg's heart failed her to think that she had

done her best to keep her lover away. Could she and the good men of Ruddiford hold the place, giving no loophole for Lady Marlowe's designs? Sir Thomas the Vicar thought so, and had spoken very fearlessly; all the men were devoted to Sir William. Meg swung back to the thought of Harry, safer free and away.

Now, as she came into the room and closed the door, the woman she doubted came to meet her smiling, and took both the girl's hands as she bent respectfully before her. "So, Mistress Meg," she said, and went on with words that were well enough, though the tone of her voice was odd and hollow, and her eyes studied Meg's face till it flushed and paled again. "You are to have your way, it seems," she said. "The bridegroom will be here, and quickly; a brighter day will not be long in dawning for your Harry. Verily, you have taught him pretty language."

Meg's eyes fell, and she smiled faintly. Lady Marlowe, holding her wrists, still watched her curiously; then suddenly she let her go, but only to hold her more closely, pressing hands and arms tightly round the slight figure, feeling and discovering something that startled her in the hurried pulses, the eyes still wild with some strange experience. "Meg," she said, "you noble child, what is it that disturbs you? Remember, my daughter, I claim your confidence. You will not tell me? I know your courage, but

you have felt some great alarm. You cannot deceive me; what are you hiding from me? The truth—*instantly!*”

“Nothing, nothing, Madam,” Meg murmured hastily, and tried to withdraw herself from the clasp that only became tighter. Then, shivering suddenly from head to foot, she went on: “There is something terrible in the night, though ’tis still and the moon is shining. I would rather the wind blew. Master Toste said that misfortune was upon us—the dogs, the screech-owls, you hear them—but Sir Thomas told him we were under the protection of God. ’Tis true, I know, but yet—”

“Meg,” said Isabel, “you are deceiving me. Though a girl, you have the blood of heroes—” she stopped suddenly. “No,” she continued, “none of these foolish noises, or words of silly old men, have frightened you.”

“I am not frightened, Madam.”

“Then you are angry, agitated, wild. There, why do you start, and look at the door?”

“I thought one had followed me—”

“Ah! I knew well. Who is it that you fear? In this room you are safe from English or foreign enemy, or friend, or lover. So, the Italian gave not only my message, but his own? I guessed it from your look, my maiden, as you came in at the door. Insolent lackey! He shall suffer, when I have done with him. And the black-eyed boy dared to tell you of his love, Margaret?”

The girl lifted her head proudly. “You warned me, Madam, only yesterday,” she said. “You were not wrong. But not only did he tell me that, he also threatened me. He said that danger lay in wait for those I loved, but he would save them, if—Madam, what could he mean?”

Lady Marlowe turned white to the lips, and laughed a little. “What could he mean?” she repeated. “You can

answer that question as well as I. Have you answered it?”

Meg looked down, and slowly shook her head. Lady Marlowe, staring at her, laughed again, but there was a light in her eyes, and lines about her mouth, that boded ill for Antonio. “So, slave, ’tis war to the death!” she said in her heart. Aloud, in a voice wonderfully calm, she told Meg to forget the wretch’s presumption. As for his threats, they were to be treated as empty air. “To-morrow, child,” she said, smiling, “you will have your own champion, and this miserable play-fellow of yours,—why, we will send him back to Italy. I love not these transplanted creatures.”

“But my grandfather loves him,” Meg said, and shivered again.

Lady Marlowe turned quickly away. “He is unworthy,” she said. Then she stood still, listening a moment intently. To her quick senses, now sharpened to the utmost, the sound of a distant door announced the coming of Antonio. “See here, Meg,” she said. “I must make sure that you are safe, that your people are in waiting; I will see to it myself; you shall not be troubled by that serpent again.” She opened the door of a little oratory on the far side of her room. “Wait there for me,” she said. “I will lock you safely in,—I must keep you for Harry,—I tried once to keep you for Richard.” She laughed. “You conquer us all and our little plots, Mistress Meg,” she said. “Come, go in and say your prayers, for you need them.”

The girl, without a word, walked into the tiny room and knelt down before the solemn crucifix hanging there. Lady Marlowe looked after her, and the smile died from her mocking face; then she quickly shut the door and turned the key, taking it out of the lock. “Not that, Antonio, not that reward!” she said to herself as she went out to meet him, for he was coming

with swift light feet along the gallery.

Left alone in his room, Sir William Roden slept on, not without dreams. It would be hard to believe that the strange sounds and doings outside, the warning alarm of beast and bird, the sudden though silent changing of the guard, the cries of his old friends, dragged so horribly down from the moonlight into black depths of dungeon, had no influence on the good old master, though shut out from them by thick walls, heavy doors, and hangings. He smiled in his dreams, his weak arms moved jerkily. The disturbance in the air, for him, had nothing to do with treason at home or with the civil war that tore and distracted England. He was fighting in his dreams, attacking, resisting, commanding,—but not at Ruddiford. A small army, half-starved, reckless, and determined, was flinging itself upon a great force of knights and men-at-arms, a confused forest of banners and lances, crowded into a valley where they could fight, but not fly. It was Agincourt, and the young English squire, Will Roden, was in the front of the fray, no one nearer to his adored King Harry than he. Death was there, but he gave it not a thought; the dream was all a glory of courage and triumph, as the reality had been. Death indeed was nearer now, in his own castle, his own room, than in the thick of that heroic fight. It came stealing in, sweeping with soft folds across the floor.

The flaming logs had died down into red embers, and the white ashes were falling in heaps; the candle-light was dim. A tall figure with a pale face, with fierce eyes, and set lips, hovered about the room, gliding gradually, noiselessly, nearer to the sleeping man. Round the back of his chair it came, and stood a moment on his left side, between him and the fire; its right hand, holding a slim, shining, pointed

dagger, hung by its side. In this way, stealing by night, came Death to Sir William Roden.

He was smiling, his hands were moving again, and he began to mutter in his sleep. The woman who watched him thought that he was waking. With a quick shudder and a grimace, making a step forward, she lifted her right hand and struck him sharply below the left collar-bone. The blow waked him, but he was still at Agincourt, and cried aloud, opening his blue eyes wide: "God save King Harry! Now we be brothers in arms, Harry Marlowe!"

For him, the fight was over. It ended in the dream as in reality, with a blow on the shoulder; the blow of King Harry's sword, from which the squire rose up Sir William, was never consciously changed into the murderous stroke of a woman's poisoned dagger.

Her husband's name, the last on his old friend's lips, made Lady Marlowe tremble from head to foot. She had almost fled from the room, leaving the dagger there to accuse her of this crime; but her presence of mind came back instantly. She withdrew the slender blade, wiped it, slipped it back into its place, and hidden in the shadow waited for the last heavy, long-drawn breaths with which the gallant old man set out, without priest to absolve or child to watch him, for the loyal land whither his fellow-fighters had gone before.

When all was still, Lady Marlowe went to the secret door under the hangings. It was ajar, as she expected, and Antonio was waiting in the gallery. He started violently when she came upon him, for she looked terrible, and gazed upon him, by the light of a candle she had taken up, almost as if her wits had left her. She beckoned to him without a word. The Italian threw himself suddenly on his knees, his teeth chattering so that he could only stammer out his words. "Nay, Madam,

not that, I beseech you! You know I cannot help you there, not even now for the reward you refused me. Madam, spare him! I swear to you that blood need not be shed. I will keep him safe,—he is helpless,—the place is in your hands,—he cannot resist you. Spare him, I implore you! I will be your servant for ever—”

“That are you now, Antonio,” she said. “Rise, miserable boy. Do you pretend to have loved your master? Come here to me, I say.”

She turned back into the room, and he tremblingly followed her.

Slowly and steadily, carrying the light, she approached the figure in the chair, and set it down near him. He had fallen a little aside, his hands clenched; but the heavy eyelids were closed and there was no horror in the face; the smile of his dreams had returned and was even deepening; the pale skin was hardly yet paler than in life.

Antonio, for an instant, thought that Sir William was still sleeping. “He sleeps,” he said, and went quickly towards him. “No, you shall not hurt him. I will defend him, cost what it may.”

She looked upon him with bitter scorn. “Fool! he is dead.”

“My God!” Antonio exclaimed under his breath. He went softly up to the old man, fell on his knees before him, touched his hand, stared up into his face. “Dead? It cannot be,” he muttered. “But where—how—”

“’Tis plain that you were bred in clumsy England,” Lady Marlowe said, her voice, though very low, seeming to ring like a knell through the room. “Dead, yes, and little sign of how the death-stroke was given. It need scarce be known. The leech is in the dungeon. Let no old women come about him; thou and I, Antonio, must prepare him for his burial, and my men shall take up the stones of the chapel floor and lay him under them. What, fool, weeping? Didst think such a life

as this would stand long between Edward of York and a strong place on the road to the north? On my life, wretch, I’ll kill thee, too! Ha! and you dared speak of love to Mistress Roden, when I had refused her to you? By heaven, I want you not, nor your service—”

Antonio was on his feet, flushed and passionate. “What? She told you?”

“Whom should she tell? Mark me, villain, she is safe from you, double-dyed traitor as you are, to your master and to me! Attempt to see her again, and this point can pierce a young skin, even more easily—but what are we doing here?”

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. His eyes were full of hatred and fury, but he had prudence enough to keep back the defiance that rose to his lips. She had the power; the castle was in her hands; for the moment, Meg too was in her hands, and he would gain nothing by bluster. His old master was dead; at the last, he would have saved him; his death touched him more than he had thought possible. But he was dead; he could not be brought back; and now it was a question of fighting for one’s own hand, at least to gain Margaret. With hurrying hands and feet, and without another word, he set to obeying her. First, she ordered him to give her his master’s will, which made her guardian of Margaret. He knew where to find the old man’s keys; and in a few minutes he had unlocked the great chest where the deeds of the estate were, and had taken out the parchment signed on that November night, in which Sir William, contrary to the advice of his best friends, had shown such fatal loyalty to the name of Marlowe.

“And the rest of the deeds are for me,” she said, leaning greedily over the depths of the chest. “The executors are as good as dead; I am the one authority. Lock the chest again, and give me the keys.”

As he hesitated, she snatched them from him, and thrusting the will inside her dress, turned back again to the silent, awful figure in the chair. With Antonio's help, he shivering in the nervous horror that had seized him, and marvelling at her supernatural strength, she carried or dragged Sir William to his own bed in the adjoining room, laid him there, with outstretched limbs and folded hands, and then with the same terrible calmness placed a crucifix at his head and four lighted candles at the corners of his bed.

Then she ordered Antonio to watch till her return, and went alone down the great staircase, intending to inspect the castle, to see, by the bright shining of the moon, that all her men were in their appointed places. They must be ready to receive Lord Marlowe and Sir William's men, at any hour in the morning, with the news that the old knight had died suddenly, and that she had taken possession of Ruddiford Castle in the name of the White Rose.

It was not likely that Antonio would remain where she left him, alone with the kind old master he had betrayed. A few minutes he waited there on his knees, watching the white face on the pillow, as it gradually lost its first look of life and became more waxen, more majestically calm, passing further every instant from the jarring turmoil of life.

The strange creature who watched the dead face was almost surprised to find that tears were running down his cheeks. He had not known what it would be. An hour or two ago, he would have given Sir William's life and all the lives in the castle, to be taken by his own hand, for the promise of Margaret. She had been refused him: her guardian and herself had alike refused him, with the scorn he might have expected; but his disappointment had not been Sir William's

salvation. In all this matter Lady Marlowe's strong will had had its way, and would have it, so far as he could see, to the end. The unholy alliance with her had not helped Antonio, and never would. He cared not much, he thought, for money and power; he did not believe in her promises; he saw York triumphing by her means, and himself, the poor stepping-stone, thrown out upon a dunghill. All he had had, or ever would have, it seemed, was the small satisfaction of cheating Lord Marlowe and Jasper Tilney, so that neither of them should have the prize denied to him, and of seeing his contemptuous old enemies, the vicar, the lawyer, the apothecary, flung into the dungeon and in danger of death.

But there might be a greater satisfaction still. He knew, in the depths of his heart, that the one thing he now longed for was revenge on Lady Marlowe, vengeance for her insolent scorn of himself, vengeance for the murder of Sir William. No! If she believed that Antonio, a craven slave, would let her work out her designs unchecked, that he, like the other poor sheep of Ruddiford, but without their excuse, being neither gagged nor chained, would give up the castle to York and its mistress to any Yorkist noble Lady Marlowe might choose,—if she believed this, as it seemed, she was mistaken.

He rose from his knees, and his deep eyes rested a moment on the face of his master. The selfish, wicked youth, treacherous as he had been and guilty of the old man's death, still loved him in his own mysterious way. He stooped and touched the folded hands with his lips, then started back with chattering teeth; but he vowed to Sir William that, if he could save it, Ruddiford should not be lost to the Red Rose. Even here, true to himself, he was half-hearted, for no remorse or ancient love would make him renounce

the hope of winning for himself what Sir William had assuredly never given him, a greater treasure than all the castles in England.

However, the promise once made, life and courage, deadened by Lady Marlowe's baleful influence, seemed to come back to Antonio. He slipped from the room and stole down the stairs. At a corner he stopped suddenly, for there was a gleam of light below, and voices talking. He crept along the wall like a shadow,—no one could move more noiselessly—and saw Lady Marlowe at the foot of the stairs, and old Dame Kate with her.

The old woman, white and frightened, was muttering fears and fancies into Lady Marlowe's impatient ear. There was something wrong, she was sure: the women and maidens could not sleep for fear; the noises of the night were terrible; she had heard screams of murder and treason; it was very late, and Mistress Meg had not yet come to her bed-chamber. No doubt she was still with Sir William, but Dame Kate was on her way to call her; she must not wander about the castle so late alone.

"With our men away and the dogs howling a-that'ns!" muttered the old dame anxiously.

Lady Marlowe laughed softly; some-

Macmillan's Magazine.

thing in her tone made Antonio shiver again. "You are a wise soul, dame," she said. "Comfort yourself. Your Master has gone to rest, Antonio attending him; your young mistress is in my lodging, and will spend the night with me. Bad dreams, bad dreams! You and your maids have eaten too much,—and in Lent, for shame!"

"But Mistress Meg will want me," the old nurse pleaded, puzzled and doubtful. "May I follow your Ladyship? But verily my lamb would sleep better in her own bed."

"Dame, it is my will that she should sleep where she now is," Lady Marlowe answered. "I have women enough to attend on her. I left her at her evening prayers in the oratory. Go back to your maidens—sleep, all of you. I am awake, watching,—the guards are set,—do you hear me? Be gone to your bed."

Dame Kate turned slowly away, grumbling to herself; but there was no disobeying this stately lady, no parleying with her.

When she was gone, stumping into the distance, Lady Marlowe glided softly on alone across the moonlit court. Antonio followed her far off, like a stealing shadow, watched her as she went towards the town gate, and then turned and fled another way.

(To be continued.)

BARBADOS THE LOYAL.

Beyond and above the delight I feel at standing once more on deck at the breaking of the day, and watching the well-remembered outlines of little Barbados growing distinct in the pearly light, is the recollection of the really great part played by the island in the fortunes of the West Indies. Loyal with a blind, unreasoning loyalty, speaking of themselves as

more English than the English, the 'Badians, whether white or black, are perhaps more intensely patriotic than any people under the sun. Why this should be so I do not pretend to speculate. I can only note the existence of a strange fact, one that must be reckoned with in all our dealings with the West Indies. A few moments' thought about the matter

breeds great wonder why it should be so. For it will be remembered that in the bad old days of our history even those who fought and died for the freedom we now enjoy, were not averse, when opportunity offered, from sending their own white country men and women, whom the fortune or accident of war had delivered into their hands, out here as slaves—yes, slaves—to toil under this blazing tropical sun and live upon such coarse and miserable food as the avarice of those who purchased them would allow. One would naturally expect to find in the descendants of people thus used a fierce, deep-seated hatred of the land that could thus serve her children, or, at the best, some such feeling as that possessed by American citizens of British or Dutch descent towards England to-day. I mean the feeling that prompts them to teach in their schools the daily lesson of hatred and contempt for England, and to dwell with never-fading delight upon the fact that they "whipped us," as they put it.

But in spite of the past, and of the long neglect which, after our bungling fashion, we have accorded to our most loyal colonies, the Barbadians love the Old Country with a deep-seated affection which nothing seems able to weaken in the least degree. And this it is, more than anything else, which makes the little island so very interesting to a thoughtful Briton. I must hasten to say, however, that this by no means exhausts its attractions; rather it only accentuates them. Owing to its position in what may justly be called the heart of the north-east trade winds, and the configuration of the land, it is the healthiest place of any note possessed by us within the tropics. I am quite well aware that you will see upon the old tombstones in the cathedral grounds, dating back over two hundred years, many allusions to the "deadly climate," but one

must steadily bear in mind the way in which people lived in those days, and transfer the blame to them from the climate.

While enjoying most keenly the view as daylight strengthened, I was greatly amused, but withal somewhat saddened, to notice how persistently a large class of travellers will worry themselves into a perfect fever without the slightest cause before and upon arriving at their destination. You meet them everywhere; on train journeys, coming to Euston, say, they will be fussing and fidgeting about before arriving at Willesden, and will stand, their hands full of parcels or bags, ready to leap upon the platform before the train stops, and work themselves almost into a fit of madness over supposed losses of luggage. That they are usually far later in getting away from the station than the deliberate passenger, who does not stir until the train stops, never seems to occur to them, any more than does the obvious fact that the saving of five minutes, if possible, would be dearly bought by the waste of tissue necessary for such feverish restlessness. In like manner, you shall see upon the arrival of one of our cross-Channel steamers an almost frantic rushing and crushing to get ashore, in spite of the contemptuous warning of the officials and the repeated assurance that there is really no hurry—the train will not leave until all passengers have disembarked.

So in like manner and equal foolishness is it here. Instead of remembering that he is aboard for pleasure, and that hurry and worry are the two sworn foes of anything like enjoyment, behold the tourist, at least an hour before there is the slightest necessity for preparation, standing fully panoplied and loaded with light articles, feverishly tapping the deck with one foot and mopping his streaming brow at intervals, as if the ship were about to

dash into the harbor at sixty miles an hour and, hardly giving him time to get into a boat, turn round and speed back to sea again. I do verily believe that such folly as this does more to spoil a holiday than anything else, and is, moreover, in tropical countries distinctly dangerous. The officials on board ship to-day are, with but few exceptions, far too careful of the interests of those they are paid to look after to leave any loophole for delay and discomfort. Therefore please, dear fellow-tourists, don't hurry and don't worry. Having superintended the packing of your impedimenta, if you are leaving the ship here, and are dressed for going ashore, stand and enjoy the busy scene, snuff up the strange new scent of this sunny island, and watch the ebullient negro eager to do you some service for reward in current coin.

As the *Tagus* steamed slowly up to her buoy and was made fast, I noted with some surprise that there were three huge sailing-ships in harbor, deep-laden, and, sailor-like, I fell wondering what they could be doing here. Because it was absurd to suppose that they had shipped that immense mass of cargo here, or that they had brought it for discharge, under the present conditions of trade. But it was not until I met the genial superintendent of the Royal Mail Company that the mystery was explained, and another instance afforded of the wonderful ramifications of world trade. They were sugar ships from Java, which in the unsettled condition of the sugar market had been ordered here as a good centre, from which they might sail with all despatch to the most profitable market upon receipt of telegraphic advices; to the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, or the continent of Europe. Also there was a survival of a bygone day, an old clumsy-looking barque from New Bedford on a sperm-

whaling expedition, whose appearance carried me back in spirit over most of the seas of the round world. The ubiquitous German steamer was there too, and also an Italian steamship groping for cargo. But what pleased me best was the appearance of the yacht-like inter-island steamers of this company, so gracefully elegant in their lines that it was hard to credit them with two thousand and odd tons capacity.

Comes to add to the bewilderment and unrest of the passengers before-named a flotilla of boats, each with its sable occupants screaming for patronage in choice negrese (if I may coin a word to express the quaintness of the negro dialect), and ready apparently to divide the prospective passenger piecemeal in order to get a share of his custom. Come also the dories of the diving-boys, who to the untravelled beholder are really great fun, causing one to forget that water really can drown by the way they behave in its instability. But presently the tourist, even the first-time tourist, is made aware that beneath this chaos the forces of order have been at work; men he has never seen, humble servants of his that he will not be called upon to recognize financially or otherwise, have been laboring on his behalf, and he has only to get into a boat and be rowed ashore to find that, except for the inevitable wonder at the strangeness of all surrounding scenes, his ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace. Comparatively so, of course.

The tourist in quest of strange scenes, of utter change, whose purse does not permit such a costly journey as that to the Far East, may find, will find, in these, our West Indian possessions, sufficient of marvel, of mystery, and of utter difference from anything to which he has hitherto been accustomed to compensate him for not being able to go farther afield. Thirty years ago, when I first landed at the carenage

("canash") of Barbados I was utterly bewildered by the amount of animation exhibited by the people, by the strangeness of everything around me, and by the all-embracing heat. The latter, indeed, as compared with what is felt on board the ship, is at first rather alarming to the novice in the tropics. But there is really no reason for alarm, as I soon found, or even discomfort, if only the commonest precautions suggested by prudence be observed. I have seen on this cruise a young man go ashore in Barbados in an ordinary suit of dittoes and a cloth cap. When I met him he was almost in a state of collapse through the heat, and actually wondered why. One would have thought that his personal sensations would have been sufficient to warn him from so foolish a course. To the ordinary person, however, who has summer clothes the weather presents no terrors, and by taking things quietly little or no inconvenience is felt.

To the student of history, above all, Barbados should be intensely interesting. Driving along its beautiful roads and enjoying the splendor of the vegetation, especially the gorgeoussness of the flowers, one cannot help but think of the white slaves to whom I alluded in the outset of this article; must recall with feelings of utter horror the cruelty, that doomed men and women of our own race to be sold like beasts and used worse than beasts in this tropical clime. One is continually bound to wonder whether even under the lash the negro and white slaves worked as do the freemen of to-day. I have just met an antiquated-looking truck, laden with a hogshead of sugar, the net weight of which is always about a ton. This truck, heavy and cumbersome enough in itself to be a fairly awkward drag in roughly paved streets like these, is, with its immense burden, being dragged along by two negroes, a third manipulating a pair

of shafts for steering in the rear. I am rather at a loss how to characterize their labor, for fear of being accused of exaggeration, but, really, under a northern sky I should call it terrific, to myself. In conveying cargo off to the ships also a most clumsy but immensely strong lighter, capable of taking some twenty tons, is used. Now, during the most of the year the north-east trade winds blow into Carlisle Bay with almost the force of a gale throughout the day, yet these huge boats are *rowed* off by four or five men working twenty-foot scaffold poles flattened at the ends. To row a mile like that against a heavy wind and sea is a task that seems impossible of performance, yet it is daily done and nobody is surprised. But to see the muscular effort put forth by these negroes from the time they leave the carenage, or river, until they arrive at the ship should inspire a wholesome respect, not merely for their strength, but for their powers of endurance and obvious willingness to put those powers to the proof. There is certainly nothing of the "lazy nigger" about them.

In fact, I discover in this extreme capacity for the hardest work and cheapness of labor a most patent reason for the backwardness of some West Indian islands, notably Barbados, in the struggle for existence. Ancient, cumbrous, and lengthy methods are still used for the two reasons given in the beginning of this paragraph. There is also a third, which, whether advanced by prudential or philanthropic motives, is equally praiseworthy. It is that work, and consequently food, must be found for the teeming population, and if a sudden influx of capital were to result in the displacement of the human labor by the introduction of machinery, some very serious social complications would be certain to ensue. Things would adjust themselves in time, no doubt, but during that time

there is equally no doubt that distress and disturbance would assume alarming proportions.

I know of no place in the world, certainly not even in the Southern States of America, where the curious spectacle of white and black people, equally native to the soil, equally acclimatized, and in perfect accord with each other, may be seen as here. In the absence of any direct statistics I must assume that many of the whites are descendants of English slaves sent over here under the infamous old system in vogue two hundred years ago. Some must, of course, be descendants of planters who have come down, in a double sense, to the social status of the field negro. But by some peculiar latent pride of race these poor whites, at least a very large number of them, have absolutely refused to miscegenate. One look at them is sufficient to show that no African blood has ever mingled with theirs, and though burnt a lively red by exposure to the sun, their hair, features, and eyes are perfectly and entirely British; while those of the women who have been able to shade themselves a little would but for the curious 'Badian dialect pass muster in any English town as English. This, too, is in face of the fact that in many negro families of five or six children, with an absolutely black mother and pseudo-father, there will be as many shades of color as there are children.

Bearing the fact in mind that Barbados was practically the last discovered of all the West Indian Islands, or Caribbean Islands, as I should prefer to call them rather than help to perpetuate the old misconception, there is, or should be, something fascinating in the consideration of its progress and in the contemplation of its cultivation. The tourist who arrives here will certainly, if he be wise, expend little precious time during the day in roaming the crowded, hot, and dusty streets

of Bridgetown, but either by light railway or carriage get out into the country, where he will find much to interest, amuse, and instruct him, and, what is also of great consequence, excellent accommodation in a few comfortable hotels. Of course, for the tourist who expects to be "Cooked" (no pun intended) disappointment is waiting, and such persons will usually be found lounging in long chairs on the front verandah of the nearest hotel, looking inexpressibly bored and apparently wondering why they came. Yet even they are unconsciously receiving much benefit from the warm air and strong life-giving breezes of this most healthful little island, the outpost of all the Caribbees, and from its geographical position the most perfectly aerated of them. Those who intend to obtain all the mental and physical good that such a wonderful trip as this can do them will never be at a loss for objects of interest and pleasure, for even driving along the roads one can study the domestic life of the people—can note how, with a little cabin the size of an omnibus, propped up on a few blocks of coral from the damp of the ground, the proprietor manages to run quite an estate, having a patch of garden ground, a pig or two, some goats, fowls and ducks, and even sometimes soaring to the possession of a calf and a well-groomed little donkey.

Into the much-vexed arena of politics I do not propose to enter. It does not commend itself to me as a profitable study in such a sketch as I intend this to be. But I should be entirely false to my own convictions if I failed to point out how much evil has been done to Barbados in the past by the neglect and utter ignorance of successive home Governments, and, in spite of all the hard things that have been said about her planters and so forth, she has managed to hold her own against the utterly unscrupulous attempts, of Ger-

many especially, to destroy her trade. But America also intends her no good unless she will transfer her affections to the United States, which is unlikely, and if effected would be of doubtful benefit to her. Also, I must say that I feel grieved to see how deeply the splendid services of the Royal Mail Company in the past have been ignored, and pariah steamers of foreign origin, of perfectly loathsome condition, and run at about one-tenth of the expense per ton of this company, are allowed to come in and carry off the cargo from under the very bows of the mail ships. The competition is so entirely one-sided. These mail ships are well-kept, well-manned, and well-officered. In the inter-island vessel in which I am at present writing, of 1300 tons register, there are a captain and four officers, a chief engineer and four juniors, a doctor, a purser, a chief steward, and at least fifty hands. And there is not one too many for the work to be done, for on the inter-island passage northward from Barbados neither captain nor officers can reckon on a full watch's sleep, so rapid and arduous is the service, while its punctuality is to be implicitly relied upon. To think that this splendid service is often run without profit or gratitude makes me feel very sad.

But let us return to our consideration of Barbados itself. The first thing, I think, that strikes an observant visitor is the curious variety of negro dialects. They are enough to drive a precisian in language imbecile. For, not content with inflections and intonations copious enough to turn a Chinese green with envy, every rule of grammar is systematically inverted, and the quaint *mélange* of speech is delivered at hurricane speed, making this pseudo-English quite as unintelligible as Sanscrit. I earnestly trust that no one will ever attempt to write a book in any current West Indian dialect of

English. It would, I feel sure, be absolutely unreadable; besides, the accents and tone-values are impossible of reproduction in print. Without attempting to perform the impossible I should like to quote just one sentence I caught from our carriage one day: "How yeu doan go down dese road an fotch dem watter like yeu ben beg for long pass." In fairness to the negroes it must be said that when speaking to "fresh people," as they term the English visitors, they modify this terrible jargon greatly, so that it does become possible to understand them by listening very carefully; while the better class of colored folks speak quite a pure English, albeit with a strange singing accent.

There were many points of interest in this beautiful island that claimed attention. First of all a visit to Codrington College, that wonderful monument reared by old Sir Christopher Codrington, which has supplied so many earnest and godly ministers to the West Indies. The journey thither from Bridgetown is made by carriage, and is about fifteen miles as near as I can remember—rather a long distance for two horses if, as usual, the return journey is to be made shortly after arrival. So, as the merciful man is merciful to his beast, I should advise a trip to the Crane Hotel and the engaging there of another carriage from the courteous landlord. Indeed, the point of Barbados upon which the Crane Hotel is built is well worth a visit of itself, and if the visitor is vigorous he may enjoy a bath in the roaring surf from the hotel bath-house that will long linger in his memory. And he will find his creature comforts very well attended to into the bargain.

From thence to the College is a beautiful drive of about six miles. The approach to the fine old building is through a magnificent avenue of those amazingly artificial-looking trees, the

palmiste palms. I have repeatedly been assured that they have no commercial value; but I do not believe that there is another tree in the whole vegetable kingdom that can so simulate an artificial production as does this one. A beautiful curved column of rough, or rather of *roughened* wood, since the corrugations are not extensive, and at a little distance are hardly discernible, springs from the ground almost like the bulb of a hyacinth in a vase. According to the age of the tree this rough column rises a number of feet into the air, and suddenly terminates in a shaft of smooth, pure green. This shaft, looking like polished jade, rises from four to ten feet farther, and terminates in a plume of feathery leaves whose midribs are sometimes twenty feet long, while the side-spreading greenery is from six inches to thirty-six. But at the time of budding there appears at the junction of the rough bark and the green column a series of green clubs, which contain the flowers. These clubs project upwards all around the trunk, and when they are ripe burst and exhibit the inflorescence—I cannot say the flower, since there is no blossom, only something like an exaggerated gross seed-spathe. These palms in the approach to Codrington College rise to a uniform height of, I should say, 75 feet, and look as regular as the columns in a cathedral. On either side of their straight lines there are beautiful lawns of emerald-green, bordered with shrubs that simply blaze with color. These lawns run down to limpid lakes which reflect all the glories of the tropical vegetation around, for, owing to their sheltered position, they are perfect mirrors.

Then the gray old building, up which beautiful plants climb, lies before the visitor, embowered in loveliness and basking in peace. Here, if anywhere, the devoted student may study God in nature and nature as God's expression.

On the other, farther side, well-kept lawns and shrubberies slope down to the azure sea, and on the right a low building covers in a swimming-bath of almost icy-cold water, direct from the spring, which emerges into the light there for the first time. In this splendid restorative the humid students disport themselves after their studies or their games. I inquired of my guide whether it was not dangerous to pass so rapidly with a superheated body into so cold a medium, and he answered, with a rather disdainful shrug, that he had never known of any ill effects resulting from such a practice. Well, he must know, but I confess that I should have expected something different. But I remembered the sudden transitions of the Turkish bath and was silent.

Then we sauntered around the building to where we had left our carriage, and, behold! a monkey, a black furry creature, strongly reminding me of the grass monkeys we used to buy in Java. Knowing something of the quite uncertain ways of these animals, I did not cultivate a close acquaintance with him, contenting myself by standing well beyond his reach—he being chained—and making him a few offerings of fruit and biscuits. And then my courteous guide and I said farewell to each other. I held out my hand and shook the gentleman's warmly, but as I did so that monkey sprang out at me, and I make no doubt that if he could have broken his chain he would have given me an exceedingly bad few minutes. Wonderingly I asked my guide what I could have done to put the animal in such a passion with me; when he told me, to my great surprise, that it was pure affection on Jacko's part for him. He had owned the animal for fifteen years, and it was so passionately attached to him as to be intensely jealous of any one else who even spoke to him; but if any one so much as

touched his master, as I had done unwittingly, he was always nearly frantic with rage. And, indeed, he looked to me as if he would take a long time to recover his equanimity.

Bidding farewell to the beautiful spot, with its old-world air of innermost peace, we drove back to the Crane, and after one of the pleasantest afternoons I have ever spent returned to the Marine Hotel in the balmy cool of the evening, along the pretty country roads, where the care-free families of small proprietors were sitting at their hut-doors in perfect contentment, indulging in the usual aimless chatter of the country communities, or sauntered along the roads, leading their goats to graze on the scanty herbage fringing the cane fields. I presume there is some by-law forbidding them to allow their goats to range whithersoever they will, since the omnivorous habits of these quaint animals are well known, and they would doubtless play havoc with the growing crops. But I never grew tired of noting the patience of the negroes as they lounged by the roadside, restraining their goats by a piece of string from going farther than the edge of the cultivated land in their search for sustenance.

Next morning, by the advice of my guide, philosopher, and friend, Captain Owen, the Royal Mail Company's superintendent, I started at 7.30 A.M. on the toy railway that bisects the island for a visit to the watering-place, we should call it, of Bathsheba. I understood that it would be proper to spend the day there, and that I should find the accommodation good. So I went fully prepared to see and be seen; for the tourists to this pretty place may at least be sure that whatever else they may fall in, they will certainly afford considerable gratification to the indigenous population, if only in the contemplation of strangers. The latter part of the road lay along the sea coast of

the island opposite to Bridgetown, and reminded me very strongly of the journey along the Isle of Man by the electric railway. Also it raised a grave question in my mind. I had been repeatedly assured by most competent authorities that Barbados, alone among the West Indian isles, showed no traces of volcanic agency. And Sir Daniel Morris, the courteous Minister of Agriculture for all the West Indies, had strongly impressed the same view upon me. Yet in view of all those enormous rock masses which lay piled in heaps all along the beach, what was I to think? I have seen lava in all its forms all over the world, notably in the South Pacific, and have grown to believe that I cannot mistake its honey-combed surfaces wherever I see them. And if those masses of rock off the coast of Barbados were not lava (*pace* all the authorities), then I have never seen any lava at all.

But I am still premature, for while travelling, even at the leisurely rate of the aforesaid toy railway, it was impossible for me to examine the rocks carefully. However, as soon as I had reached the pretty village of Bathsheba, and made my arrangements at the comfortable little hotel, I sauntered down to the beach, the tide being well out, and scrutinized the nearest masses of rock very closely. And I found, as I expected, that they *were* huge lava fragments, not torn from any cliffs on shore, for there were none that they could have been detached from, but hurled up from the sea-bed, ejected by some submarine volcano, who knows how long ago? That they had been under water for a very long time was obvious from the many coralline formations, with which they were studded; but as to their general structure, they were identical with the water-worn lava masses in the South Seas, over which I had so often trudged with bleeding feet in my old whaling

days. And if the whole of the Royal Geological Society were to declare I was wrong, I am still obstinate enough to hold to my own conviction. But I admit most freely that, as far as I have seen, there are no evidences of Plutonic agency in the island proper.

That was a pleasant, restful day at Bathsheba, mostly spent in prowling about the beach. Bathing was out of the question, for me at any rate, as the negro young folks trooped down to watch what the "buckra" was doing, and to beg of him. I am sorry to say a single word not in praise of Barbados, but it is a fact, as far as my observation goes, that it holds the palm for beggars among all our islands in the West Indies. Men, women, and children beg without any reason if they perceive a likely subject; do it apparently as a matter of routine, and not at all because they have any need of alms. For the actual signs of want are strikingly absent, much to the credit of all concerned, since incomes must, in the nature of things, be exceedingly small. But I noticed, much to my satisfaction, that the pure white natives did not beg. Two or three of the dear little white children, bless their absolutely colorless little faces! did come and offer shells for sale; but they were as well-behaved as it was possible for children to be, and not at all importunate.

I left Bathsheba after a most delightful time, and arrived in Bridgetown feeling that I should be ready for any amount of sight-seeing on the morrow. And it was just as well that I did, for I found that my indefatigable friend had arranged for me to visit two sugar plantations the next day, as I had expressed a wish to do so. The fact is that on my last visit to the island (before this cruise), thirty years ago, I had trudged out to a plantation and been very well received, in spite of the obvious fact that I was a youngster, of no importance whatever. And I was

anxious to see what, if any, had been the alterations, as far as my memory would serve, in the surroundings and methods obtaining to-day compared with thirty years ago. Early next morning, therefore, I took a carriage and drove out to the first of the two plantations to which I had introductions. Arriving there, I was simply astounded to find that every detail, from the cutting down of the "kee-an" (local pronunciation of "cane"), was as familiar to me as if I had been there all my life. There was not, so far as I could see, the slightest alteration in anything. The furnaces burning "trash" (the fibre of the cane after it has passed through the rollers of the mill and the juice has been squeezed out of it); the long row of boiling-pans on one side of the sugar-house, from the first introduction of the pure cane juice, to be mixed with lime, to the last pan, where the thickened juice had become sugar, and was being baled out into the troughs where the granulating frames were being slowly revolved in it by hand; the large shallow, wooden receptacles where the product was slowly cooling and draining, and the big warehouse full of hogsheads of sugar, still draining—all was as it had been thirty years before. The superintendent was an aged man, who had been thus engaged all his working life, and seemed even now to lack no energy, although he was close upon eighty. With great courtesy he showed all that was to be seen, but did not appear at all astonished when I commented upon the absence of all change. He attributed it to the perfection of the method principally, but also in some measure to the necessity for employing as much labor as possible, the island being over-populated, in his opinion.

I noted the absence of a distillery here, remembering, as I did very vividly, that feature of the estate and mill that I had been over many years before. My informant said that there

never had been one; they had always sold their molasses and refuse from which rum was distilled, and did so now. Then he invited me to his pretty but lonely house. He had reared a large family, every member of which had prospered, married, and left him, and now in his very old age he was entirely alone, which I thought sad. I did not spend long in his house, nor did he press me to stay or offer me refreshment of any kind. Not that I needed anything, but, remembering the boisterous Barbadian hospitality of older days, I was somewhat surprised.

Then I drove off to another plantation, but as it was almost a facsimile of the one I had just left I did not go over it. Moreover, the agent or superintendent, who had some grown-up daughters to keep him company, seemed to me like a man distraught with some great loss, and I felt as if I was intruding at an inopportune time, and hastened away, satisfied that whatever changes there may have been in Barbados since my early days, there had been none in the sugar industry, and, remembering the state of the sugar trade, I was more than ever convinced of the necessity for the planters to turn their attention to the culture of

The Cornhill Magazine.

cotton, both for economic and Imperial reasons.

Upon returning to the hotel I was informed that the mail steamer was in, and I consequently made my preparations for departure, knowing that my ship would be sailing that afternoon. Upon getting down to Bridgetown I was almost deafened by the bustle, and as there was a strong breeze blowing, and the heat was very great, the dust was almost blinding. Everybody in the street seemed full of important business, and I felt that it was no place for a loafer like me, so I fled to my ship. The canash was almost packed with craft being driven from shore to ship and from ship to shore through the rough water, and the many watermen's boats with passengers in transit. I had thought of visiting the mail ship, but a glance at the condition of things on board and around her decided me to do nothing to add to the cares of her officers, who I felt sure were in no case to be pestered by inquisitive strangers like myself with no excuse whatever for their intrusion. So I decided to go on board the *Eden* and make myself at home, pending our departure for the north.

Frank T. Bullen.

THE PROFESSION OF ART.

The position of the artist in relation to his work, and especially to his daily work, is in some respects not easy to define. Are we to look upon art as a vocation, or merely as a means of subsistence? And can it be both at once?

We call it a profession, but that is by courtesy only; it has no clear claim to the title. When you come to think of it, the very name of artist is not one which a man, whatever the nature of his pursuit, can with entire modesty arrogate to himself. Any right he may

have to it depends upon his performance, and that is for others to appreciate. He may be himself the best judge of his work; but he is not an impartial one.

To its loyal servant art is something more than a profession. It is the beginning of all his hopes and, if not the end of all his efforts, the chosen means to that end. It is the outlet of his admiration, and thus akin to worship. In fact, it is a religion to him, or comes very near to being one,

and is no more a thing to boast of than the faith that is in him. Craftsmen will always be eager enough to discuss the technique, and perhaps the theory, of what used to be called their trade: they may be justified in boasting proficiency in it; but, just as good men do not claim to be devout or honest, so an artist should hesitate to assume a title, the warrant to which is, not that he paint or models, designs or writes, acts or composes, but that, in doing one or other of these things, he gives proof of a certain quality. There is about all claim to artistry, as about the assumption of righteousness, a savor of cant. Methinks the artist doth protest too much!

However, men do claim to be artists. They go sometimes so far as to esteem themselves such artists that it is too much to ask of them that they should earn their own living, and to imagine that the endeavor to do so would amount on their part to nothing less than abdicating the prerogative of their high calling. What an artist has to do, they urge, is to give expression to himself, and to encourage the mood favorable to artistic utterance. As to his maintenance (and that of his family) it is the affair of the world at large, and, far from begrudging him largess, it ought to thank heaven for the privilege of ministering to his wants. This is an argument none the less grotesque because there may be now and again a genius deserving of such grateful consideration. In any case, it lies with genius to make good its claim to exemption from the common lot. And in the meanwhile, pending proof, how is the man to live? It comes, then, in almost every case, to his supporting himself, if only for a while. The question is,—how?

The devotion of the artist to his art may be taken for granted. Without it he were hardly an artist. Being one, he will not hesitate to sacrifice for it

much that men care for. He cares more for his art. But will sacrifice always avail, will his devotion keep him? That is the doubt which presses like a nightmare upon the mind of many an artist conscious not only of the claims of his calling but of his responsibilities as a man. It may be questioned, by the way, whether, even in the case where it is possible for genius to live by the exercise of its function (as a priest by his office) performance is not apt to become, by constant and ordained repetition, more and more perfunctory, less and less deserving the respect and homage due, and gladly paid, to inspiration. Art worthy of the pinnacle on which men seem agreed to place it, is the exceptional work of exceptional men. It is only at intervals between work more prosaic that genius itself reaches its full height. There may be mastery in all an artist does; but masterpieces, even by the most prolific, are occasional. It is only by a polite fiction that everything an artist does deserves to be called art. Or, if we expand the term to include his everyday work, then art is vastly overrated. Great works of art are children of the imagination, begotten only in the happy moment, brought forth only in the fulness of time. The action of the creative faculty is by no means perpetual: production leads to exhaustion; and the natural limits to artistic, as to human, paternity are soon reached. Art, it has been said, is man's nature; but the constant pursuit of art, and of art exclusively, is, if not contrary to nature, a strain upon it hardly to be borne. It is open to doubt whether it might not be in every way better if the exceptional artist, who appeals, and must in the nature of things always appeal, to the few, were to support himself by some simple handicraft (in which there would still be scope for art) and give vent to his genius only when the fit was on him. That would not be

every day. What, then, becomes of art as a means of livelihood?

In the case of the artist eager to put into words or sounds what everybody wants to hear, to express in form or color what all are anxious to see, things run smoothly enough. But in the more likely case of a man burning to deliver a message the world is not yet conscious of wanting,—what is he, poor man, to do? We are all agreed that he is bound in duty not to degrade his art; the difference of opinion is as to what is art, and in what consists its degradation.

However we may define art, practically it may be taken as that something over and above workmanship which an artist puts into his work because he *is* an artist; the man must be a workman first before ever he can express himself in the terms of art. And just as every artist is a workman, every workman is a possible artist; starting, that is to say, as a mere journeyman ready to do what comes to his hand, he may push handicraft to the point of art. Moreover, beginning at that end, he is at least as likely to reach the top of the artistic capacity as the man who prefers to bask in self-indulgence until such time as the spirit of art shall move him to a more active form of the same pleasure. A workman is none the less an artist that the ardor of his activity urges him to continual doing. There is little in the nature of handwork in which he may not find the satisfaction of artistic expression; but it is by his craftsmanship, rather than by the art which he puts into it, that any but the few favorites of fortune can hope directly to earn a living.

In any high interpretation of its meaning, art is not precisely a marketable quality. That something over and above craftsmanship, as I have already said, which the artist puts into his work for art's sake, because without

that much of self-expression his work would be no satisfaction to him, may in the end bring money; but no money will buy it. It is only in the sense in which the word is used by the man in the shop, that art is salable; something which gives an added value to his wares, something for which he can charge extra, and for which therefore he is prepared to pay more or less, according to his insight and to the liberality or meanness of his policy.

And this applies in great measure not only to what are called Arts and Crafts but to what is entitled Fine Art. The portrait to bring commissions is the one which flatters the sitter or his friends; the selling picture the one which fixes some favorite effect or scene, which chronicles an event or tells a story; it is not commonly bought for the elusive quality which artists see in it, any more than a popular novel commands its wide circulation by right of literary style. It is not so much art as the thing upon which art has been expended that has a market. Genius itself is at most grudgingly paid for, until the artist has made a name for himself, by which time his troubles as to ways and means of living are at an end. To those, however, who have to earn their living, to the great majority that is to say, and practically speaking to all at the beginning of their career, the question pressing for constant answer is,—are they in expediency or in honesty bound to bring their ideal of art down to the market level? No man who is an artist will answer that in the affirmative. And, from the merely practical point of view, the worst policy he could adopt would be to do less than his best. He need have no scruple, however, about giving up the idea of doing only just what he likes. Where is the glory to a man in gratifying his own desires? Our sympathy with the sacrifices he may make for his art does not extend

to those he offers up at the shrine of his own vanity. It is well to be careful of the pure artistic impulse, but not to coddle or pamper it. The very discipline of doing something it is not merely a pleasure but a duty to do, strengthens a man in his art; and he will show the artist he is, by doing it better than was stipulated in the bond.

That the compulsion of circumstances is not wholly to the disadvantage of art is proved by the confession of many an artist ere now (Thackeray was one of them) that, but for the prick of necessity, they would have lacked incentive to do the work which brought them fame. How often is it that an artist makes use of the leisure secured to him by an assured and unearned income? A man of means may do what he likes, but as a rule we see in it that he had not to work hard,—and did not.

Amateurs have no occasion to scorn the man who has to work for bread, when they themselves are not above making money, if they can get it without going out of their way. Careful consideration of the pecuniary side of the question, which might possibly be mean in one man, is the plain duty of another. Naturally there is some danger of any one who works (as many must) for money becoming a mere trade worker; but there is also a danger on the other side. A man who has no need to think of anything but the leisurely perfection of his work gets to think too much about it, and dwindles into a sort of dilettante. It is almost as bad to dawdle through one's daily pleasure as to be driven to perfunctory reproduction. This is not sufficiently taken into account by those who maintain that art ought to be subsidized. Nor do they realize that, under such conditions, for here and there a genius enabled by endowment to perfect itself, a whole crop of ineffectives would spring up. It is easy to say of any

artist who meets his liabilities like a man, that he is "prostituting his genius"; and the accusation comes too fluently to the lips of those who never knew what it was to want. Southey was thus blamed by his friends, who cited against him the example of Wordsworth, as one too deeply absorbed in his art to do anything less lofty than write verse; and his answer is unanswerable. Reputation, he explained, had not brought affluence to him; he was obliged to earn his living, and "the most gainful way" in which he could employ himself was by writing for *The Quarterly Review*. "At this therefore," he said, "I work as a duty, at other things by inclination. Wordsworth has a regular income adequate to his support, and therefore may do as he likes." That same adequate income is the envy of the impecunious; but it is not so entirely a blessing as, in our poverty, we take it to be. Possibly Wordsworth himself might, had he come under the influence of a capable and exacting editor, have lifted up the work of his dull moments, without in any way impairing his poetic genius. As it was he only sometimes reached his own high level of inspiration.

Not even great gifts of imagination, though they mark out for their possessor the course to pursue, make him free to follow his inclination always. There is the further consideration of duty which occurs, or, to so many votaries of art, does not seem to occur. Duty to their art they will admit, but there they seem to think it ends; genius exempts them,—though, as it happens, men of the transcendent genius which might conceivably warrant such an assumption do not make it. If a man will repudiate his obligations the odds are all against its being worth the world's while to relieve him of them. We meet in a generation a few painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, and others who have claims upon our len-

ient consideration. Would-be geniuses are as common as Skimpoles.

Genius or not, an artist is first of all a man. If he is an honest one he pays his way; if he has any spirit he will be beholden to none but himself. The idea that there is derogation in accepting the conditions under which we live, and in particular the necessity of self-support, argues a curious perversion of mind. And the impractical attitude becomes in the end rather ridiculous. Really artists take themselves too seriously. Not that there is any harm in a man's overestimating the value of the work he has to do. A painter may think too much of painting, a sculptor of modelling, a poet of verse, and do all the better for some illusion on the subject. The great presumption of any one is to value himself, or what he personally does, at more than its market price.

It has happened before now that an artist's true success has been in something upon which he did not pride himself. The work he is known by, or which survives without our knowing whose it is (it does not much matter) is by no means always the mighty effort by which he bid for fame. It may have been a simple piece of journey-work. Poems written for posterity may linger all but dead upon the shelves of the library, while the same author's hack-work lives to remind one there was ever such a poet. Southey's *Life of Nelson*, the mere expansion of a review done to the publisher's order, is a case in point. Or, to take the name of a man about whom there is no dispute, Shakespeare; it was not by his sonnets, on which he set such store, that the world was taken captive, but by the plays he wrote more or less in the way of business. But then, of course, he did his very best, though it may have been to keep the theatre going that he set to work upon a play.

There is something to be said for

the very pot-boiler. It is a thing to be ashamed of only because men are so little true to any high ideal of art as to reserve their best for the work they best like doing, and to be content with very much less than that to keep the pot a-boiling. The mistake is in supposing that an artist can ever afford to do less than his best, whatever it is he undertakes. The normal and healthy state of things is to work under practical conditions. To chafe at them, even though they be restrictions of trade, is certainly no sign of strength. Some at least of the art we could ill spare was done under such restrictions; and if to-day conditions of trade are more servile than once they were, the fault lies partly with artists who will have nothing to do with it. It is no fault of industry if artists decline to co-operate with it, and compel the producers of things which should be beautiful to fall back upon workmen who may be something short of artists, but whose self-esteem has not outgrown their skill. Since Arts and Crafts came into fashion, the self-esteem of a craftsman is becoming as hard to satisfy as though he were an actor-manager, round whom, not the limelight merely, but the whole world is expected to revolve. Foolish as the world may be, it is not so innocent as to take every *poseur* at his own price.

Let us acknowledge that it is something of a luxury to follow the vocation of art. The luxury has to be paid for,—and by the artist himself—much as he might prefer to shift the responsibility of payment upon other shoulders. The only question is, in what form payment should be made. An artist gives forth what it is in him to give, and in the way it comes to him to give it; a manufacturer, mechanic, or trade-worker produces what people want, and as they want it. The one is possessed by a desire to give, the other by a determination to get. The one

creates, the other supplies a demand. That implies two very different kinds of men. But if the man of imagination is not quite like others, neither is the man of learning or of law, of science, or of any calling which makes claims upon invention. Each order of persons is responsible after its kind, each individual after his personality; but we are all alike responsible, and the doctrine of artistic immunity from responsibility common to all is in the end as deadly to a man's art as it is degrading to his manhood.

The root of the error is in the supposition that, because it is essential to art that the artist should take pleasure in his work, therefore his whole duty is to please himself. His justification, when he insists on following his own bent, is, not that it pleases him to do just so, but that he is best employed upon what he likes; that the best work is possible only when it is congenial, when the worker delights in it. Delight in the thing he is about is, no doubt, essential to its well doing, and the pleasure he takes in it is a sort of sign to him that all is going right; but what are we to think of a workman who does not get interested in the thing to which he has once set his hand, even against his inclinations? It is in the artistic nature to get deeply, even enthusiastically engrossed in the problem to be solved. Still one may think that in doing his own special work he is giving the world his best. "No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en." That is the excuse for doing what we "most affect."

A stubborn independence is part of the artist's equipment. The point at which independence oversteps the mark is where a man begins to fret under the mildest and most necessary control, and will listen to no manner of prompting. Such an attitude of mind unfits him for all practical work. If he has a living to earn he is a subject

for commiseration; but the really pitiable thing about the unfortunate artist is that he thinks himself to be pitied because he is expected to do something which is not precisely what he would prefer to do. Is genius so paramount with him that it will make no concession whatsoever? Then the sooner he ceases to look to it for support the better for him. It is of no use clipping the wings of Pegasus, and he makes at best a poor draught-horse; the artist's better plan is to pull the cart himself. To look outside one's own energies for help, is to show lack of that virility which stands to us for the creative faculty.

No workman is afraid of soiling his hands. And, the artist being primarily a workman, what is there in reason to prevent his accepting that position as his starting point? It allows him, and enables him, to earn a living. Naturally he would choose the trade which, while it afforded the means of support, gave scope for artistic expression. It would be hard if it did not also earn him leisure ample for the expression of all he really is inspired to say or do. With the most impassioned of us the state of inspiration is not normal; and, since for the greater part of a man's time he is hardly fit for more than honest workmanship, what, in the name of reason, is there to prevent him working for his bread? There is nothing in the best journey-work to tarnish that idea of perfect self-expression which it is the artist's special care to keep right. It is a means, in fact, of exercising the faculties necessary to the full expression of those happy thoughts with which not many of us are overburdened. Many a painter owes to journey-work in black and white his facility of composition; many an essayist owes to practice in journalism the crispness of his style. It is said that men are ruined by such work and never rise above it. If that be

so, it is because they were not meant by nature for great artists. If all artists had a trade to live by, we should not hear much about "the insanity of genius." Or is it begging the question, to ask that genius should first of all be sane?

It can hardly be said that sanity is the strong point of men to whom art is at the same time a sort of pastime and sole source of income, who flout the Philistine, and ask him in return to play providence to them. As though there were the faintest reason why any particular class of persons should be privileged merely to enjoy themselves! The claim of the artist upon the rest of the world stands entirely upon the supposition of its wanting his work. Happily, some of us like doing what others want to be done, and would do it for the fun of it, though no one asked us to do it. It is upon a sufficient demand for the product of our pleasurable activity that all hope of payment must depend. The fortunate few whose delight is to do the thing for which there is demand enough to ensure them more than their bare living wage, scarcely affect the balance of ordinary conditions, which decree that men bent upon a pleasurable pursuit have to consider it in relation to their livelihood. It is not with the artist a blunt question between art and money, —in serving mammon he gives up all high hope of art—but he finds himself at a point where he has to reconcile apparently conflicting duties, or to choose between them. A man must adjust either his life to his art or his art to his way of living. He must adopt a scale of living rendered possible by the exercise of his art, or a form of art which will provide him with the means of living as he likes. There can be no question as to which is the more promising, and which the more dangerous course.

Nothing short of experience can tell

how far the current of popular taste is with a man. He should know best how far he dare go against it; front it he surely will, if he is not of those dead fishes which float always with the stream. None but a weak personality will easily be driven by trade or seduced by fashion, though a sensitive temperament will not be quite unresponsive to the deeper chords of popular feeling. The direction of his endeavor, and the limits of his persistence in it, are things a man must decide for himself, or possibly it is his temper which will determine such points for him. The circumstance of circumstances most nearly affecting (together with his temperament) the direction of an artist's energies is, commonly, the necessity of bread and cheese. Impulse urges perhaps in one direction, necessity pulls in another. Which is one to follow? Is compromise possible? Is it abject, or heroic, to make the best of it?

Let us not put reasonableness quite out of court. Though the aim of art is not to make money, it may do so by the way; and, soberly considered, it is a finer thing to make your art support you than to take up a position which makes self-support impossible. The little, it must be remembered, that an artist wants, or ought to want, should not be so difficult to earn; he has not, like the man whose work is drudgery, to provide for pleasures; he gets them out of his work. His art, in fact, is just what he puts into it for the pride and pleasure of doing, not what he does for gain. As to fame, which may come of it, that too is no such noble pursuit. The hunger for it amounts only to a bigger sort of vanity; and the straining after it loosens the fibre of an artist's manhood. The boast of art is, when all is said, only boasting. And then how short a step it is from vaunting the loftiness of art and its remoteness from trade to making capital out of belonging to a profession so

dignified. It will not be said that the step has never been taken, or that there is no element of business in the artistic outcry against commercial production. When artists say in effect: "All that manufacturers make and tradesmen sell is rubbish; it is their concern to make badly and to sell cheaply; the genuine thing is what we only supply,"—there may be truth in it; but it is not very easy to see in what their pleading differs from the cry of the shopman, "Buy, buy, buy!" They are calling attention to the other shop, it is true; but, little doubt as there may be as to which gives best value for the money, both parties are in effect advertising the wares they have to sell.

The practice of art is one long series of adventures in an undiscovered country, for the experience of others avails very little. Of all the beaten tracks a man has to find the one which leads in his direction, and, where that fails, to make his own way. He has to find out what is to be done, what he can do, what he can do best. There lies his success; but something of it will in any event depend upon his right survey of the situation. It is a hopelessly short-sighted view which does not take in the conditions of the country and the nature of its inhabitants. At times an artist is fortunately free to choose his own public, but he is never at liberty to disregard it; and, in addressing even the few, he has to consider, not only what his painting and sculpture, his writing or his music means to say, but what will possibly be understood by it. It is his business to make himself clear to the community, not theirs to elucidate his meaning. There are, in effect, two parties to the implied contract between the artist and his public, and it will not do to leave one of them out of the account.

If, indeed, there were no third course

Maemillan's Magazine.

open to the artist, and he were bound either to ignore his public (which is supposed to be rather a fine thing to do) or to truckle to it (which is certainly not a fine thing to do) it would be hard upon him. But how rarely is it that any one is forced, except by his own vanity in the one case, or his meanness in the other, to adopt one of these dangerous extremes. Plainly the way, though it may swerve a little to this side or to that, lies well between the two. On points of conscience and of artistic right, every one must hold his own. The light to guide him must come from within. On matters concerning the public he sees fit to address, some concession on the part of the artist should not be impossible; it may be imperative in the interests of his own artistic efficiency. His methods may fall short of their effect; in which case there is nothing for it but to amend or alter them. What is the use of going on, even in one's own way, when it is quite certain that it does not lead to the end in view? The position of artistic superiority to practical considerations is untenable, and the sooner it is given up the better. Its abandonment involves no loss of self-respect; there is nothing very dignified in standing upon dignity.

The upshot of the argument is, that allegiance to art does not absolve a man from his obligations to the community; that by earning his living (whether by his art or by a separate trade) he need in no way impair his faculty; that, though it were thereby impaired, he takes too much for granted in thinking that reason enough for shirking his responsibilities; and that, in short, artist or whoever he may be, his duty is to keep himself and pay his way. When he declines to do so he brings discredit upon the calling he would have us place so high.

Lewis F. Day.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

I.

I have halted long on the title to this little story, but there is no other which will quite so well express all that comes up to my mind whenever I think of it—this story of an unrecorded incident—as I so often do think and ponder. That title, as I have written it, seems always to me the truest and most right foreword for what follows—which, as I humbly conceive, is what a title should be. But to begin.

It befell, then, during the final stages of the late unhappy war in South Africa, that I was doing duty as chaplain to a certain great hospital on the line of the railway in the Free State, when, on a day which still comes up again to me as clear as yesterday, there marched in a certain famous column, the coming of which stirred me very deeply. The most vivid memory of my existence was connected with one squadron of that column—a memory that time may indeed mellow, but can never eradicate while life remains to me; and if I say that the warmest part of that memory is that which re-pictures the gentlemanly understanding and the manly sympathy shown to me in a bitter moment by all ranks of that squadron, it will be well believed that I looked forward with some stir of happiness to the pleasure of shaking hands with one or two members of it that day.

Before I could seek my friends, however, there was first the sad duty of receiving the sick and wounded of the column into hospital, and it was while that grave task was being performed that I met, sooner than I had anticipated, with one of the two I most desired to see. The ambulances had drawn up outside the line of white-

washed stones that marked the boundary of the hospital; stretcher by stretcher the sufferers were being borne along the stone-marked paths to the different marquees or pavilions, when in the midst I saw one figure that my eagerness knew at once for that of the gray old sergeant-major of D Squadron—my squadron, as my heart fondly calls it—of Rostron's Horse.

His back was to me as he walked slowly along, bearing the rear end of a stretcher in which lay the shrunken figure of a lad whose sunken face showed him far stricken in enteric, that most dread scourge of war. Thus, though I hastened at once to come up to him, yet I refrained from greeting him, or in any way catching his eye, till he should have arrived where he must lay his burden down; by which means it befell that, as we halted at the journey's end, I, too, heard the words of a thoughtless bystander, one of the convalescents, one who had no business to speak: "What is the matter with this one?" he asked of those who bore the stretcher.

"Enteric—bad," answered the sergeant-major, hesitatingly.

With that the convalescent committed his folly. "Oh! enteric! Then he's—" And with a grimace and a gesture he conveyed that "Enteric—bad," might be interpreted as "Doomed" in that hospital.

The sergeant-major had just straightened himself upright from putting down the stretcher when this evil answer was made to him. It must have gone to his heart like a spear, for I heard him draw in a heavy breath, and he turned slowly round as if to look at the familiar world again in the light of that verdict. Then, since I was standing but a step behind him, it be-

fell that his face, whitening as he turned it, looked into mine with a moment's vacantness as he tried to regain command of himself. And the whiteness of that bold gray face, that I had seen so lion-like in the fighting at Ichabod's Kop, went so near my heart here that I stepped forward and took his hand and spoke—softly: "Nay, sergeant-major, the lad shall do well yet. And there are many men recovering daily from enteric in this same hospital."

He held his breath for a minute before he spoke, gripping my hand like iron the while. Then, with a quick jerk of the head, he shook aside the moisture in his eyes, and—his voice falling him in the first attempt, and coming but hoarsely in the second—said to me in answer: "Ah, sir, is it you?"

That he should remember me so quickly in such a moment gladdened me to the soul, and encouraged me to fall to such kindly words as I thought would most comfort his brave spirit; for, like a halo above him, my eyes were seeing again the vision of this man as he so captain-like led the men at Ichabod's Kop when courage and skill brought honor from a field that had otherwise been but another barrenness.

As quickly as I might, too, I got a kindly doctor to examine this lad that he loved—one who spoke such words of cheer that at length, all being done that could be done for that while, and the lad lying quiet between clean sheets, his head on smoothed pillow, I was presently able to draw my gray friend away to my own tent, where I might endeavor something to lighten the foreboding that oppressed his spirit so, in spite of the doctor's comforting predictions. There, offering him coffee and good tobacco, I sat with him in quiet, letting him ruminate till he should fall to words, unburdening himself of his heaviness in talk—his own talk of his

own trouble. Thirty years of South Africa in its length and its breadth had made him a true colonial, so that he had no shyness in speech when at last he began, and I, listening, heard this story which I here retell. It is true that I cannot reproduce the exact diction as the words fell upon my ear, there in that cool tent; but the matter of it sank so surely into place in my mind that I shall not fail of conveying it to you, at least near enough for you to miss no significance of it.

"You see, sir," he began at last, "it's me that let the lad come to the war at all; that's what hits me so hard. I had him with me, learning his trade, wagon-building, down yonder in Grahamstown, before the war—the nicest young lad I ever had in the shop. And when the war came and I dropped the hammer and joined Brabant's, why, even then the youngster wanted to come, and him no taller than a sledgehammer, as you may say.

"Then, when I'd done my time in Brabant's, and another six months in the S.A.L.H., and was doing my first term in this, Rostron's, well, he begun to write me letters swearing he'd join the worst regiment in the field if I didn't let him come up to mine, and he was in the Town Guard there already. So when I'd finished my first six months with Rostron's, and they promoted me sergeant-major, and gave me a month's furlough to Grahamstown if I'd look out for a few recruits, why, then there was no holding him.

"I didn't like to bring him, because his mother's got no other son but him; but he climbed into the train when I thought of coming away, and he swore he'd fight me if I tried to chuck him off, for it was no use, he'd come up anyhow. And he'd got his Town Guard khaki on, and he did look tall—quite as tall as I was—and the tears were shining in his eyes, and the red was flushing in his face, and he was pleading

so to get me to let him come. And I let him.

"Well, we came up here, and we lay in the detail camp in this very town, waiting for the column to come in so we could join it, and it did seem like he was the brightest and the happiest lad that ever lived in those few days. And he'd weary me day and night for tales of the regiment, and the squadron, and Old Fireproof—you know, sir, that's our name for the captain—and every night the last word he'd say he'd remind me that he was to come into D Squadron, so as to be under Old Fireproof too.

"And then, sir, you should have seen his misery when he thought he'd disgraced himself forever, the very day the column was coming in. That was a day. The blazing fool of a commandant, that was here in the town then, he must send out a wood party, and he wouldn't send it out to the side the column was coming in on, where it would be safer. No; it must go out on the other side—a gang of sick-lame-and-lazy details it was—and naturally the only good man in it got snaffled.

"I wasn't with it; I was on duty here in the town, or I'd never have let it go near that spot—I know the place too well. Neither would I have let the young fellow go with such a gang if I'd been there, but I wasn't; and so he got himself detailed for the party, and got an old horse—he'd taken the worst screw of the whole lot rather than not go—and he was as happy as a bird there, far out in front of everybody else, because they lagged and crawled so. They were that sort.

"And then, all of a sudden, he found himself looking down about forty rifles, not twenty yards away, and all the wide round world roaring, 'Hands up!'

"He must have gone white to the bone as he let his rifle drop. He told me afterward—that the one time he'd ever

talk about it—that he felt like his heart and his blood and his soul dropped down there with that rifle on the ground. And then they stripped him; stripped him to the naked white of his skin, and sent him shining back across the veldt like a young lost angel. Its a God's-thanks there was no water between that spot and Vandenburg. He'd have drowned himself for shame.

"He never said a word as he came in. When the sentry asked him what happened he just shook his head. And then I was there, and he saw me, and, if a boy's heart could break in his breast, his heart would have broken then. He turned right round, as if he'd walk away out of camp, or anywhere away from my face; but I'd seen his eyes, and—well, I had him up in my arms just like his mother must have had him when he was little, and I turned again and started for our blankets.

"The fool commandant was fussing up on his horse. 'Hi! here! you there, stop! what's happened?' But—'Hell!' said I (only I suppose he didn't hear that); and on I went, and laid the lad down on our blankets and covered him over. And he wasn't crying like a child, but crying like a grown man—horrible—horrible.

"Well, and I rigged up two blankets for a tent again to hide him, and the A.S.C. fellows sneaked me some clothes out of store for him—they knew what I was feeling and the lad—and I might have got him another rifle, too, and a bandolier, but he wouldn't have them. 'No, Tom,' says he, 'never again. Clothes I must have to cover me; but rifles, no. I'm a coward; a coward; and that's done me. No more rifles; I'm a coward.'

"Then some man outside shouted to his chum, 'Yonder comes the column! See the dust!' And there and then I thought the lad would go clean off his mind. 'Can't you send me away some-

where, Tom? Can't you get me on one of these trains to Cape Town before the column comes in? The captain will be coming over here, and he'll see me—if he does, I tell you, I'll jump right under the wheels—the very next train that passes—I will.'

"If I could have got him to tell me how it happened it wouldn't have been any better. He was disgraced, he said, and that was enough without talking about it. And I knew as well as the sun that he wasn't, and that whatever else he'd done it wasn't cowardly. 'Why,' said I, 'it's nothing. Hundreds and hundreds of men get taken prisoner and come in naked every hour of the day.' But he wouldn't listen.

"'No,' says he. 'Besides, those men done some good fighting first; not prisoner the very first time they saw a Boer with a rifle. And, anyhow, I wasn't going to be taken prisoner. I was going to keep right close up to Old Fireproof in the charges, when he takes the koppies, so he wouldn't have to keep getting there with only nine or ten, like you say he does do. And now——'

"Well, the A.S.C. they brought me some rum, thinking it would stir his heart up like. But he wouldn't have it. 'Rum's for men,' said he. 'Cowards shouldn't drink up the men's rum so they'll be short.' I did want to punch his young head for him then, but you can't when they're like that. So the A.S.C. they nodded and they left us alone again; they were gentlemen.

"If ever I was in misery it was then. It got so bad with hearing him calling himself coward that at last I said: 'Look here, if you say that just once more I'll give you the nicest pair of black eyes any man ever had.' And—'Do,' says he.

"Then I said something I was sorry for.

"'Look here, if you don't buck up,

Charlie, I'll write and tell your mother!'

"Wasn't I sorry! He just gripped hold of my two hands, and—'Don't!' says he, 'Don't, Tom!' in a voice just like I've heard actors on the stage. It went through me like pulling pieces out of my chest. 'All right; I won't, chum,' said I. 'I won't—only you lie down again now.'

"Well, he did. And then, all in a minute, just like a little child, he was fast asleep, his forehead on his hands, but his face turned far enough sideways for me to see the wet on his long eyelashes. His father should have been there then, but he was killed up in Rhodesia.

"So while he was asleep I got an M.I. corporal to watch him, and to knock him down with a rifle if he waked up while I was gone. And off I went to see Old Fireproof and tell him all about it. He's the daddy of them all when a man's in a bad mess like that.

"But there was luck for you! He'd been hustled off down to Bloemfontein to draw ordnance stores, and he'd got on a train and gone, not fifty yards in front of my eyes, and me not seeing him because of the station buildings in the way. 'He'd be back to-morrow,' said Old Roston. 'To-morrow!' says I, and me thinking there of all the hours between now and then. And besides, there was the night. But I know what I did that night. I just made our blankets down together again, and I handcuffed the youngster to me. He had to stop.

"Well, next day I watched the trains come in like a dog watching for its master, and when the afternoon passed, and dark dropped, and no train brought Old Fireproof, I just turned to on rum. For all the other squadrons had got hold of how young Palliser had been prisoner, and come in stripped; and now where was Fighting D Squadron

that never had a man taken prisoner? And the old hands of the squadron itself were coming to me and wanting to know how it could have happened, and him lying there white and sick under my blankets, till I sat down in front of my little shelter tent and swore I'd stiffen the next damned man that came near! But the squadron was good; it never tried to say that the lad hadn't been posted to D yet. It knew he was D, my own recruit, and it just said: 'All right, you fellows; wait till the next fight. Then you A and B and C men will hear the same old thing—Fighting D first, and the rest nowhere.'

"When it had got good 'and dark, and I knew no more trains could come in, and never thought of the armored trains that come in any time they like, I turned to the young fellow and made him swear by all the gods that he wouldn't leave that night, and the next thing I knew I was raging, challenging drunk down the other squadrons' lines, kicking their saddles about, and asking if there was half a man in all their lines to just come out and take me on. A squadron sergeant-major that was, doing that sort of thing in the middle of the camp for the night and the men to look at!

"And then—then out of the dark and the stars and the fires that were in my eyes came a voice, very slow, very quiet—the captain's voice. 'Is it you—again? I did not think you would ever have broken your word.'

"The shame on me! I wanted to drop—drop dead forever, only the good gladness to have him back to set things right made me want to shake his hand off. And, while I stood dumb, he put his hand under my elbow again, as he'd done once before, and he led me away through the non-coms, the adjutant had sent to arrest me, and I kept the way straight across to my blankets where the lad was lying inside them, though

the captain didn't know that, for he'd just got off the armored train, and hadn't even been into the mess yet.

" 'Now you lie down,' said the captain, 'and you'll give me your word that you'll not stir out of your blankets till the morning.' And he was pressing me with his hand to lie down.

"But I wouldn't lie down, for I was trying to pick out the best way to begin telling him about the lad, when all of a sudden there was a shuffle inside the shelter rig, and out up into the moonlight stood the young heart himself, naked again as he had been in the sunlight yesterday. I thought—well, I thought he'd gone mad.

"And he spoke. 'This is me, sir'—and his voice was like a voice that's come with the tides across all the seas of sorrow—'this is how I came in yesterday when the Boers finished with me and let me go. They wouldn't shoot me.' I had him fast by the wrist before he'd finished, but he only went on again. 'No, you needn't. This is the captain, and I'm telling him the truth, so you can't hide it, and so he'll know just what I am.'

"I might think he was mad, but Old Fireproof didn't. He always knows the heart of it when it's anything like that. He thinks every man's as fine as himself, and his thought always flies straight on the good line. 'Ah! is it that?' he said, soft and low, gentle as if the lad had been a woman standing in sorrow before him. 'You were prisoner, were you?' And with the thought of it he spread the cloak from his arm and put it quite round the boy, buttoning it at the throat and at the breast to warm him.

"Then he turned to me. 'Is he—is he a young brother of yours, sergeant-major? I don't think I ever heard that you were married to have a son.'

" 'No, sir,' said I; 'but if I ever had a son this would be him. And his heart's broke because he was captured yester-

day on a fool job this commandant would send them out on.'

"'Ah,' said he again—sir, you should hear him say that 'Ah.' The fellows know it—'Ah,' he said, and his two hands went out, one on the lad's shoulder and one on his arm, and he stepped close up to him just like a father might have done. 'I think I understand,' he whispered, and the heart of his heart was in the softness of his voice, till I heard the lad catch his breath as he stood.

"The words came again, soft as the dark, 'I think I understand'—and I knew the little smile that was on his face, though I couldn't see it. No man that's ever seen it forgets it, because it's only for a man in trouble that smile comes out. And still once more a third time the words came out, like an echo for tenderness—'I understand.' Quiet came to me then. I knew that by that time the lad would be feeling just what Old Fireproof was—you don't *know* about Old Fireproof, you just feel.

"But the youngster couldn't quite let himself go yet. 'No, sir; you can't understand a coward.'

"'Well,' said the captain, speaking slow, and like as if it was a thing that was a bit curious, 'I am not sure that I do, *quite*. It seems so strange a way, just to be eating and drinking and sleeping, and to have no more in life but that. It is such a poor little lot to have for all the trouble of living when you are always and all the time afraid unless you're just at the elbow of a policeman. When one thinks of all there is in life, the honor and the content and the quiet, if one is in truth a man, and then tries to think of the poor coward, with no rest and no peace unless life is going along the same smooth line like a tramway track, why, it does seem something hard to understand. It must be a terrible life; poor devils, they ought to be sure of heaven when their time comes.'

"That was Old Fireproof again, every word, for he was talking half to himself. There the lad had him laid out for him to see, clear through and through, right on his first meeting him; and his eyes must have widened as he stood and listened, because his heart was warming together again inside him. Only he would have the last, last shadow out.

"'But, sir,' he said, 'I hands'd-up the minute they shouted, and there was only forty of them. You never did that. I've heard about you. You rode right up to hundreds of them, and while they all had their rifles ready, and were shouting, "Hands-up!" you were just counting them and looking at the position. And then you just turned round and went back and told the general what was there.'

"The captain nearly laughed. You could hear the smile in his voice. 'Why, of course, that was the very thing I'd been sent to do. There wasn't time to scout the position, so it had to be done by reconnaissance like that. That was an open-eyed order, not just a casual happening like yours yesterday. No, no; you don't know what a coward is either, or you wouldn't feel like that. A coward wouldn't have stood up and talked as you've done just now. Above all, a coward couldn't have driven Sergeant-Major Hughes to break loose as he has done to-night. Did you think of it like that?'

"He had the lad there; he always has everybody like that, by just making them think another way. But he is a stubborn beggar is young Palliser. 'He ought to have shot me yesterday,' said he.

"'Oh, he'd shoot you quick enough if you were a real coward and in action,' smiled Old Fireproof. 'But now, you get down into the blankets and we'll hear the whole thing. There's room for me inside, I think.'

"So there we all got down under the shelter, the three of us lying on the blankets in the dark, the lad in the middle, and me speaking first, telling all about his enlisting. And when I'd told all about that, then the lad told all about the rest, the being captured, every last shameful word as he thought it.

"But, when he'd finished, Old Fireproof spoke, and I knew he was smiling quietly like a father all the while. 'No, no. That is not it at all. You don't quite understand, and you'll be a deal older before you do. You see, it's that you'd been so long eating your heart out in Grahamstown, aching to get to the front, and all the while, day by day, the war was being finished, as you thought. And the Grahamstown regiments were doing such good work up here, and the young fellows you knew, and that weren't so much older than you, were getting their names into everybody's mouth; lots of them getting wounded and coming home convalescent, and lots more even getting killed, and then everybody so proud of their being Grahamstown men. And all that time you had to wait and count the days till you'd be old enough to be allowed to join in spite of your mother's fears. And then, when you got into the Town Guard, you used to be ashamed of being only that, while the war might end any day, and you never have been in a battle, till at last you got up here.

"Well, and then you heard all these tales of the regiment, and you thought you couldn't afford to lose a minute or a single chance, and so you got on to that wood party, because the Boers might try to capture it.

"And that is how you got so far ahead of the rest, because the other fellows were only thinking of getting back safe, while you were thinking of getting up to the Boers. And when you rode up that little koppie, you

weren't thinking of Boers being in such a small place when there were so much bigger koppies all about, and the veldt looked so empty. All your mind was hoping the Boers would come before you had to go back, and thinking how you just would fight. And then—then it was forty rifles levelled at you, and one long roar of "Hands up!"—I've heard it—and the thing was done before you knew it. And isn't that really just the way it was?" ended he; and he put his hand on the lad's shoulder in the dark.

"The lad had to catch a big breath and hold it; everything was so wonderfully clear and true. 'But isn't that being a coward, sir?' said he.

"Old Fireproof laughed, low and soft in the dark. 'Son, son, that's anything but a coward. That's a young fellow that's learning his lesson. That's one that's never going to go up a koppie again—no, nor even over the plainest, flattest veldt—but he'll be looking for Boers in every yard of the ground. He's going to be looking for every possible place that a Boer could hide in at all, and to be studying how to find that Boer out in time and turn the tables on him. He'll be expecting a shot at every stride, and thinking of what's the best way in and the best way out of every position, and what is just the thing to be done if Boers turn out to be here or there or anywhere. And all the time he'll be looking right and left and behind and before, keeping touch with the rest if he's not alone, or, if he's alone, then keeping a plan and a line of country in his head, ready if he should be put to it to run for it. And all the time he'll be learning, learning, learning, both from things he's seen a hundred times, and things he never knew existed. And that's the man no money can pay for; it's the man the women should pray for, and it most surely is the man his officers will work to death—as you'll find out when you come to

be a non-com., and have men under you and begin to look for such men till your heart aches. They're gold, just gold, such men are.'

"I laughed to myself, for I could feel in my heart the lad was fairly cornered with wonder of new things. 'If I could go out with you to-morrow, sir, and do something,' said he. 'Or, if I hadn't belonged to your squadron that never had a man captured before. They say I've broken your luck.'

"My luck!" said Old Fireproof, half snorting. "I can't get the beggars to thank Christ for that; they keep talking of *my* luck. It will do the beggars good. We might ha' gone on, and some day the whole squadron be captured. So, now, you give the sergeant-major your word that you'll play the game by him, and to-morrow he's to bring you over as my orderly.'

"I will, sir; I will," said the lad, so earnest you could hear his voice ringing with it.

"And that earnestness touched Old Fireproof in the true spot; it always does. 'Thank you,' said he, quite as earnestly too. 'Good-night,' he went on, getting up to go. But I thought he'd say something more, and he did. 'Don't trouble; don't fret any more,' he said, and then—just as he was going away—'Christ be with you,' he ended softly.

"That was him, that's him always. That's the gentleman in him; he's never afraid to let you see inside him; he knows he's a gentleman through to his heart, and so he's never ashamed to speak as if we were gentlemen, too, the same sort as himself. And that's why it's so good to hear him swearing in a fight—you can see he means it so. How he does shout it out if there's any need for it, and how he does make jokes when the fight is steady and getting hotter. And so he went away that night, and left us two lying there in the dark.

"When he was quite gone I spoke to

the lad. 'Now what do you think? Didn't I tell you?'

"No," says he, 'you didn't. You couldn't—nor anybody else. But you just wait till we march—that's all.'

"And so we went to sleep—no handcuffs that night."

II.

The sergeant-major had paused for some little while, like one who muses over what once moved him deeply. Quietly as I could I poured fresh coffee for him, and laid the tobacco nearer his elbow. Yet the action roused him from his reverie. "Sir, thank you," he said; and then in the next breath plunged on:

"You see, sir, next morning, when I woke up, I saw the lad was almost cheerful, and I begun to think the thing was done with, except, of course, I'd have to watch him from being too reckless in the next fight. But while he was fetching water for us to wash, one swine of an undesirable in C Squadron—his captain got him sent down as an undesirable the very next day—this swine must begin to jeer the lad again, and the lad wasn't man enough yet to hold up against it. He came back as gray and as sick-looking as he well could be, and the coffee wouldn't hearten him.

"Then I was sent for to orderly-room tent about my last night's doing, and when I got back he was worse, for he'd heard all the fellows saying that I was bound to be broke, and one or two of the scallywags weren't sorry. But I told him that Old Fireproof had got the thing put off for twenty-four hours, and by that time he'd have talked Old Rostron over. I didn't tell him that I'd begged Old Fireproof to let me revert to the ranks, since I wasn't fit to be a sergeant-major after last night; because the captain had just fired me out of the tent at that. Back'd

got all the dashed troopers he wanted, he said, and I was just trying to shirk out of work. The work had got to be done, and I'd got to do it, and in between I could think over what I'd done. That's the worst of his way of punishing a man. He makes a man think for himself, and then leaves him to have to keep on thinking, and it makes a fellow feel so blue miserable. If he'd broke me, that would have squared the bill, and I wouldn't have felt that I owed anything. And the men would be worse for me to handle now because they knew I ought to be broke.

"Well, when the lad heard me say that it was put off for twenty-four hours, he looked at me and took a big breath and said nothing, and I thought he'd taken hope that it would come out all right. And he didn't say much while he straightened up the kit, and he didn't say much as I took him over and left him by the captain's Cape cart to do duty as orderly. But that afternoon, when I had to get the captain to sign some papers, there I found the two of them down in the spruit, Old Fireproof making mud pies, as he called it, and the young fellow looking on with all his eyes and all his soul as well.

"Old Fireproof looked up at me. 'Only some signatures, sir, that will wait,' said I; and he went on with the game. And I looked too, and I listened, and there he was, laying out that whole piece of country where the lad had been captured; building it up and laying it out with the mud and the sand of the spruit.

"'I'm showing him the truth,' said Old Fireproof. 'He thinks the place he was captured in was just a koppie in the veldt. I'm showing him that it's only part of a deal more veldt and a deal more koppies. I'm showing him that God made all the countries out of smaller pieces of country, if you catch my meaning, and that when you come to any particular spot it's always part

of one of those pieces of country, and that you've got to look at the whole piece first, and then at the parts of it. He's seeing now that his koppie and his flat were only part of the whole Schoonfontein country, and he's dimly beginning to see why men in that piece of country must make certain moves, and do certain things, all because the Schoonfontein country was built just a certain way.' That's Old Fireproof all over; he always goes right down to the foundations of things, and makes you see things as clear as daylight, building them up in your mind.

"And he was saying to the lad: 'Now, suppose you were a Boer commandant, and had a little commando in that Schoonfontein country, and your business was to watch the British here in Vandenburg, to cut off everything you could in the way of cattle or men, and generally to see that they didn't stick their noses outside their lines except in force—now what would be the way you'd do that?'

"The lad looked straight at him with his eyes wide open at such a simple question. 'Why, sir, I'd first set a lookout post on this highest koppie here,' and he touched the model of the spitzkop that stands up over all else of that country. 'And then I'd keep all the men in any of these kloofs and little places where the feed was good for the horses, and where they'd be well hidden. Then, when the lookout reported anything coming that I was strong enough to take on, why, I'd gather the men and push forward to the best place farthest in front—to this koppie here,' and then he stopped, and went as red as fire; for the koppie he'd put his finger on was the very same koppie he'd been captured on.

"'Ah, now you see,' spoke Old Fireproof, smiling and keeping on smiling till the lad was forced to smile too. 'Now do you see how easy—how wonderfully, shamefully, marvellously easy

—war is if you only think a bit and keep on thinking, and still thinking, and always act on your thinking? It's because people will keep imagining that war is just shooting and fighting that things get into such a mess. War is studying first, studying second, studying last, and all the time; but studying about the right things, and then acting on what you see should be done. Then the fighting will come in its right and proper place, and be handled as it ought to be; that's war.'

"The lad looked fairly dazed, and his eyes begun to spread a bit, as if he was watching daylight sweep the darkness off a wide piece of country in his front. And he was, for he'd been reading the papers so much about war, and reading books so much about V.C.'s and what not, that it fairly left him stranded to hear how clear and strong the right thing was under it all. 'And now,' went on Old Fireproof, 'supposing I sent you out, after this, in front of another small party, of your own squadron, how would you go about that piece of country this time?'

"The lad answered straight off. 'I'd go this way,' said he, showing the line with his finger. 'I'd go round there till I could see if there was any sign of horses or men or anything in the kopie. And then, if that was clear, I'd draw across here, till I could look in there, from out here. And then I'd stop, because the wood party wouldn't be coming out any farther, and if the Boers came out at all they'd have to come just my way.'

"Fireproof looked up at me and grinned. 'Well, sergeant-major, what about him for next-for-corporal, as soon as he's grown a bit more moustache?'

"I laughed, and the lad laughed a bit too, shy-like; and the captain went on: 'But now, at night—supposing you were the Boer commandant again; how would you go on at night—remembering that the khakies—the British, that

is—might pop out any night from here and try to snap you at dawn?'

"'Well, sir, of course I'd have to draw back at night as far as I could without going clean off the ground. I wouldn't camp at Schoonfontein farm there, because that's just where the khakies would look for me. Nor I wouldn't go into these three kloofs, nor on this krantz-kop, because they are bad to get away from if you're attacked all round. I'd either go right out in the flat veldt where there's nothing to guide the khakies, or I'd get on one of these easy ridges where I could mount and go if we had to, and where it's not easy to be surrounded.'

"The captain nodded to him. 'You've hit it to a hair. You see, now you know exactly what Commandant Ferreira and his burghers are doing every day and every night. Why! it would be quite easy, wouldn't it, for one of our Kaffirs to go out there afoot in the night, and get into the koppies and hide snug somewhere, and watch them all day?'

"'It would,' said the lad, his face quickening.

"'And if he watched them close, and saw where they drew to sleep, why, it would be the simplest thing in the world for him to steal down on them in the dark and bring away a rifle and bandolier and a horse for yours, wouldn't it?'

"'I can,' said the lad. And as soon as he said it, I looked at Old Fireproof, but he wouldn't look at me. I could see at last what he'd been doing all the time, and now he'd done it. 'Well,' said he to the lad, 'there's the Schoonfontein country in model, if you want to look at it. I must go over now with the sergeant-major about the signatures.' And the lad wouldn't look at me either; and so we two went and left him there, staring and thinking.

"'But, sir—' said I to Old Fireproof, as soon as we got away a bit.

"No, sergeant-major. I'm afraid it's no use talking. The thing can't be helped. You've got to let him go through with it; there was no other way. One thing—when he comes back with the rifle the squadron will be the stronger by another man; you know what I mean."

"I did know, only I couldn't help thinking of other things. 'But, sir, if he's killed?' said I; and I couldn't say another word."

"Well, he'll have been killed trying, and that's the only thing that matters. If he's killed he'll know that at once. That's the best of death; as soon as one is killed one will see the real things from the trumpery things.' Sir, I think sometimes Old Fireproof would like to be killed, just so as to get to know for himself."

"But I was thinking of the lad's mother and sisters, that had looked at me with such eyes when I let him come, only I couldn't get the right words to say so. And Old Fireproof must have known that too, for he went on: 'As to his mother and sisters, remember, he stands to be killed just as much within the fifth mile of the next trek as he does to-night. Don't forget that Forrest had his neck broken by a box of biscuits off a wagon the last time we were in this very camp. And which would his people rather—have him dead bravely, or living in misery?'"

"Neither, sir," said I. And he smiled.

"Well, just as we were tying up the horses for the evening feed, back came the lad, with a smile on his face that I couldn't stand at all, because I knew there'd be no use talking to him either, any more than to Old Fireproof, when that look was on him. And he'd hardly a word to say, though he took a good meal with me; for I'd kept out of the sergeants' mess till my case should be tried. Then he put six biscuits in his pocket and filled my water-

bottle and put it on, and sat down to wait for dark. 'You'll take my rifle and bandoller, I suppose?' said I.

"No," said he; 'no rifle till I get one from them. Besides, I've got this,' and he showed me a revolver—Old Fireproof's revolver, that he never carries himself. 'And this too,' he went on, and I saw in a wink what that was; it was a 'sandbag,' a thing that thieves use in America when they knock a man down to rob him. I dunno who gave him that, though it was just as like as not to be Old Fireproof. 'Anything's a good weapon if a good man's using it,' I heard him say once; 'and some things are a lot better for certain sorts of work.'"

"After that I could see it would be no use to argue with the lad. So I started to tell him he must do this and do that, and be sure of this and t'other. 'Oh,' said he, 'I've been talking with Old Fireproof this three hours past, and he's been telling me everything—just what to do, no matter what they do, and things they'd never think of. And yet he says it's sure to be something quite simple that'll happen, if it does happen, and something just as simple that'll pull me through. By Jove, what he does know about it! You fellows don't half know him; not half.'"

"Don't we?" said I. 'We know one thing. We know if he had us out, and hell was in front of him, and he thought that was the right spot to camp, he'd take us in and clear it out, and say, 'Pitch the lines just here, and turn the horses out that way to graze.' And there we'd camp, and there the horses would graze on the veldt of hell, and the devil and all his commando would have to lie out on the koppies and watch us, and catch colds, till we trekked again and left it to them once more. Don't we know? Don't think you're the only man he's set on his feet again. Some of us were worse than you because they hadn't a backbone in

them till he put one in. And yet we're old Fighting D and all; don't forget.'

"And I'll be D, too, when I come back,' said he. Then it was dark, and he got up. 'Good-bye, Tom,' said he.

"I'll good-bye you in a minute,' said I. 'I'll see you out of camp at any rate.' So we started.

"Not that way—this way,' said he; and he began to lay off the reasons for it, till I could see that Old Fireproof had gone over the whole thing with him, right from leaving the squadron lines. That helped me a lot, and as we went, I prayed and I cursed the lad to remember and do just what the captain had told him.

"Do you know what's the chief thing he told me?' answered he.

"His motto, I'll bet,' said I. 'Better death than fear.'

"Well, yes, that too. But the chief thing he said was I must think all the time, and every time, about the best way of the work I was doing. Then I'd never be taken by surprise—and it's surprise that does one.'

"That's it,' said I. 'Good-night now. But if you come back killed—you just dare to, that's all.' And I stopped, as if I didn't know what I wouldn't do to him if he did.

"And that made him laugh, which was what I wanted, just to ease the strain on him like, for he'd screwed himself up a bit too tight. And so he went on into the dark."

A. O. Vaughan.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENTIFIC BIRD'S-NESTING.

Not so very long ago a grown-up person would have been almost as much ashamed of being caught playing tip-cat or whipping a top as of being found out on a bird's-nesting expedition. Boys, of course, from time immemorial have collected eggs, and probably in the age of flint instruments used to set their wit against the birds', and bring back in the spring-time their treasure-trove to the paternal care, perhaps threading the eggs on long bents or rushes as country lads still do in remote districts. One can imagine, however, after what manner their primitive fathers would have sniffed if any one had suggested that they should take a day's recreation from the serious business of hunting the woolly mammoth and go a bird's-nesting; and the attitude of primeval man has been copied by his descendants almost to the present day. In fact it is only within the last year or two that modern folk have realized that the fascination of bird's-nesting does not

only belong to the breezy days of boyhood, but possesses a considerable amount of scientific interest and is quite a possible pursuit for adults.

Of course age has its drawbacks in this as in other things. It will readily be admitted that a respectable middle-aged gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers and a well-developed waistcoat would make an unseemly exhibition of himself if he tried to swarm up a tall fir-tree after a carrion-crow's nest, but such athletic feats are not at all requisite for one who seriously takes up this branch of ornithology.

The great majority of birds'-nests can be reached with only a very moderate amount of muscular exertion, and, for the others, if we cannot hope to equal the cat-like activity of boyhood, we can do a good deal with a satisfactory pair of field-glasses.

Bird's-nesting proper, it must be remembered, is a totally different thing from egg-collecting.

Instead of cabinets stored with speci-

mens, the devotee of this seductive science will have fat note-books full of pencil jottings, or perhaps photographs and sketches to illustrate the peculiarities of nests and birds discovered in the course of his investigations. He will obtain a considerable knowledge of wood-craft and the curious manners and customs of birds, and his acquaintance with out-of-the-way corners of the district in which he lives will be, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. Probably after one or two seasons thus devoted to out-of-door natural history he will care little about acquiring eggs for his collection, and will share the writer's pitying contempt for those parlor naturalists who glean all their facts from books and cabinet-drawers.

There is a class of people who regard eggs much as philatelists regard postage stamps, and estimate them by their market value alone. These are the miscreants who attend auctions and pay fabulous prices for the eggs of rare British birds.

In conjunction with the game-preservers they have practically succeeded in banishing the kite from Wales. They harry the Norfolk Broads for the nests and eggs of bearded tits, and even lone St. Kilda must part with its one peculiar bird to gratify their rapacity. Put them out in the country and they will hardly know "a hawk from a handsaw," but meet them after dinner and they will discourse learnedly on ornithology, and probably tell you with pride how many complete clutches of the eggs of Dartford Warblers they possess, warranted taken in England.

A truly paternal government would rid the community of all such pests. The very worst would be made to accompany Mr. Kearton in one of his expeditions on the end of a rope down the most perilous crag that could be found. The second-class misdemeanants would be taken on ladders to the

top of the tallest fir-tree procurable and then left ladderless to find their way down again; while the third class would be prohibited, under heavy penalties, from ever collecting anything but post-marks and railway tickets for the remaining term of their lives.

But for those who love better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep, and prefer watching a wild bird through field-glasses to seeing its dusty mummy stuffed in a glass case, every returning spring brings a host of new interests and a budget of problems that await solution.

When the birds begin nesting the one predominant idea in their minds is to provide for the safety of their eggs and young. They are threatened by dangers of two sorts. One is due to the vagaries of the British climate, which demand that the nest must be warm and either water-proof itself or rendered so by the shelter that the mother-bird's feathers afford when she is sitting. The other is the peril of attack by living enemies, and it is a wonderfully fascinating study to see how the birds overcome these difficulties.

To take the first class of dangers, those due to the climate, there is no end to the variety of means adopted to meet it. The little long-tailed tits, who are among the earliest of our birds to breed, build the most elaborate nest that can be imagined. They are skilful weavers, and the material of which their wonderful domed house is made is almost as artfully constructed as a piece of thick felt.

Hair, wood and cobweb are woven together, and the outside is, so to speak, tiled with gray lichen, off which the rain runs easily, while inside you may often find more than a double handful of the softest feathers.

They lay a great number of eggs, and it is probable that, sometimes, at any rate, two hen-birds make use of

the same nest, for the writer has known of more than one instance where three full-grown long-tailed tits have been found inside one nest.

Thrushes carefully plaster the inside of their nests, scuffling round and round with their breasts to make the surface smooth, while the plaster is damp, and when the mother thrush makes of herself a living roof, no cold or wet can reach the blue-spotted eggs within.

Robins do not disdain outside help, and are quick to appreciate the shelter afforded by an old tin or a discarded boot, or anything of the sort that comes handy, and a lining, generally of red cowhair, keeps the eggs from the cold ground.

The dipper, who builds by the water-side, where the flying spray often drenches her nest, makes the outside of wet moss, thickly welted together, and, wherever possible, uses dead oak-leaves as a lining, because they are peculiarly impervious to damp. Every bird, in fact, has its own traditional method of preserving its eggs and young from the fatal effects of a spell of cold weather or a season of heavy rain, and it is a part of scientific bird's-nesting to note down and, if possible, reduce to a system all these various devices.

More interesting still are the plans adopted by different birds to save their young from living enemies, human or otherwise. They arrive at this end by many different paths. Some choose inaccessible positions for their nests, and of these the raven is a notable instance. It has become rare now to find a raven's nest in most parts of this country, but on the cliffs around the Cornish coast, the bird is a regular breeder. In many districts every two or three miles of coast-line is the recognized sphere of influence of one pair of ravens, who permit no interference from other birds of the same kind.

These birds build eyries on some high

cliff-ledge, which looks from a distance like a barrow-load of old sticks, shot down anyhow at random. The interesting point, however, about the places they select is that they are almost invariably on the under side of a bulge in the face of the cliff. The writer has a vivid remembrance of noticing a raven's nest in what looked a very easy position to reach on a low cliff in East Cornwall. He climbed up from below, without much difficulty, but presently discovered that the rock was, almost imperceptibly, bulging outwards. That guarded any direct ascent to the nest, but by working round the small excrescence, it was possible to get above it. Here, however, exactly the same difficulty supervened. It was quite impossible either to see into the nest or to reach it without a rope, so carefully had the birds calculated the exact spot where the conformation of the cliff-wall would render their eggs secure.

Rooks, too, as any one can see, almost always build, not against the main trunks of the trees of a rookery, but out on the slender branches that are too slight to bear the weight of a human being without considerable risk.

The magpie, though a member of the same order as rooks and ravens, has struck out quite a new line for itself in the way of architecture. Being expert egg-thieves themselves, magpies, no doubt, early realized the necessity of blocking out other birds of like kidney, and so, above their solidly-built nests, they erect a most ingenious domed roof of thorns, with only a small entrance for the use of the parent bird. When the mother magpie is safely ensconced inside a zareba of this sort, with her stout beak guarding the only entrance, neither bird nor beast has any chance of interfering with the treasure within, and even boys, intent on adding the eggs to their collections, often find it difficult to get their hands

into the nests, and are pretty sure, at any rate, to scratch themselves severely during the operation.

These are all instances of birds who build nests that are rather conspicuous than otherwise, but the most usual method of protection adopted is that of concealment. Some nests are so carefully hidden that they are really almost impossible to find unless one happens to drop upon them by chance, or adopts what, from the bird's point of view, is the very unsportsmanlike plan of watching the movements of the parents from a distance through a pair of field-glasses. Of all British birds' nests, the most difficult to discover is that of the grasshopper warbler. The writer knows a scrubby hill-side on the borders of Herefordshire and Radnorshire, where numbers of pairs of these curious little birds undoubtedly breed every year, and yet, though he spent hours and hours for many successive springs in hunting for a nest, he was never successful in finding one.

In the warm evenings of May, a sound exactly like a check fishing-reel echoes right and left, all over this rough patch of ground, and by a careful use of the field-glasses the birds themselves can sometimes be seen, creeping like mice through the tangled undergrowth, but the grasshopper warbler is an expert ventriloquist, and it is very difficult to say exactly from what spot the note proceeds, while looking for the nest is like searching for a dropped hairpin in a heap of fir-needles.

As past-masters in the art of hiding their nests, these little birds hold undoubtedly the first place, perhaps the stone-chat may be considered second, and many other birds are not far behind. Many birds, however, do not conceal their nest very carefully, but rather trust to escape detection by cleverly imitating its surroundings. The chaffinch may be taken as a familiar

example of this class whose neat, round nest is so placed and constructed as to look, to a careless eye, exactly like a chance excrescence in the lichen-coated bough of an old apple-tree. The intelligence of the chaffinch is not, however, so highly developed as his artistic sense, for a nest placed in a hedgerow is often just as completely coated with gray lichen as if it were in some neglected orchard.

Wrens have a very curious habit of building three or four nests, and only lining and using one of them. In school-boy parlance these dummies are called cock's nests, though the writer is not aware of any evidence to prove that they are constructed by the cock-bird, and undoubtedly he does not, as has been suggested, roost in them at night. These unfinished nests have a certain protective value, because they serve to confuse the trail on the same principle as the hare in a paper-chase lays down false scents, though whether the tiny bird argues out the subject and builds with that idea must be regarded as, to say the least, extremely problematical. Most probably it is sheer love of nest-building that makes the jenny wren take so much extra and unnecessary trouble.

A mother partridge, when sitting, harmonizes so closely with her surroundings that she is almost invisible, but her eggs are rather conspicuous when they are left exposed, and so she covers them carefully with dead leaves whenever she quits the nest, unless she is suddenly frightened and has no time for the manœuvre. The same habit is found in the dab-chick or little grebe. Her eggs, when first laid, are chalky white, but from her habit of covering them with wet water-weed, when she is absent from her nest, they soon become stained a sort of dirty brown. The enemy she is guarding against is not so much man, for her nest is a floating structure, as the moor-hen, who

has lately been discovered to be a most vile egg-thief, and has doubtless many opportunities of raiding the dab-chick's nursery.

One of the most curious of all these protective instincts is a habit, widely diffused amongst many different species, of pretending to be lame or injured, and so drawing away an intruder from the nest. This instinct is specially developed in birds whose young leave the nest before they can fly, and follow their parents about in search of food, and is really a wonderful piece of mimicry.

The mother-bird will flutter and stumble along the ground, uttering notes expressive of the utmost fright and anguish, and very frequently succeeds in attracting attention to herself, even if the spectator of the little drama be experienced in the ways of birds, while her young ones dive into cover and effectually conceal themselves. As a rule this ruse is only adopted after the young have been hatched and left the nest, but an exception was noted by the writer a few springs ago.

He had under observation a black-cap's nest, which was built rather low down in a large thicket of brambles, and paid frequent visits to it with the object of taking a photograph when the full complement of eggs had been laid. A curious point about it was that the cock-bird seemed to do all the work of incubating the eggs, as the hen, which is easily distinguishable by her brown head, was never to be seen on the nest. The father black-cap stuck so closely to his task that it seemed feasible to take a photograph of him as well as the nest, and the camera was set up quite close to him with that object in view. Unfortunately the preliminary operations proved too much for his nerves, but instead of flying away, he fell, with open beak and wings extended through the brambles

to the ground, and fluttered about for some considerable time, giving an exact imitation of a bird with a broken pinion. That is the only instance the writer has met with of a cock bird employing this expedient, or indeed of any of the warblers adopting this plan to protect their eggs.

The plover, whose eggs, from their gastronomic qualities, are probably the best known of any British birds, leaves her young, when they are hatched, to protect themselves, only flying round anxiously overhead uttering shrill cries of anger and alarm. The reason for this is obvious, for baby peewits harmonize so exactly with their surroundings that when they crouch on the ground and remain motionless, not one person out of ten would see them until he stepped upon them. There is a considerable danger, however, that when the mother-bird is sitting on her eggs out among the bare fallows, she might disclose exactly the position of her nest when she rises from it. To obviate this there is always a sentinel on guard in the field where plovers build, who gives a loud call as soon as an intruder approaches. Forthwith, all the sitting birds leave their nests, and crouching as low as possible, run, often for a considerable distance, before they take wing, and by this clever device outwit the spoiler.

One more protective instinct that the breeding season brings into play may be mentioned.

A number of birds, such as tits and wrynecks, always build their nests in holes, in trees or other dark crannies. They sit very closely on their eggs, but if any one disturbs them, instead of flying out hurriedly, they set all their feathers on end and emit a series of sharp, explosive hisses, exactly like the hiss of a snake. The horror of the serpent is widely diffused through all ranks of animals, from man downwards, and one cannot but admire the

cleverness that actuated these birds when somewhere, far back in time, they learnt to defend their eggs by thus playing upon the fears of other creatures. It is a point to be noticed, that no birds hiss in this way except those that build in holes where they cannot be seen. If a bird who nested in the open tried this ruse, he would at once, as modern slang has it, give the show away, but when you put your hand into a dark hole and are greeted by an exact imitation of the spitting hiss of an angry viper, instinct prompts you to withdraw as quickly as possible.

To note these habits, and many more like them, is what makes up the fascination of scientific bird's-nesting, and no one who has not tried it has any idea of the amount of pleasure and interest that such a pursuit affords. It has also the extra advantage attached to it that it can only be carried on at the most charming time of all the year, when it is good to be alive, only to breathe the sweet air and listen to

Temple Bar.

the music of the birds. When daffodils begin to peep and the first robins to build, the season opens. It continues through the primrose time and the too brief days of the hawthorn blossom; and even when the oak-trees begin to put forth their second crop of ruddy leaves, there will be something still remaining to observe among the birds'-nests, some anxious mother bringing off a belated clutch of eggs, some little family of fledgelings beginning to learn the ways of this wicked world. The happiest life is that which is most crowded with interests, and from the highest point of view of all, the scientific bird's-nester can hardly fail to gain new knowledge of the all-wise providence of Almighty God, when he learns with what wonderful care He has provided for the welfare of His little feathered pensioners, and how the great maternal instinct has quickened their intelligence and taught them wisdom.

S. Cornish Watkins.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The news that Denmark is celebrating the centenary of Hans Christian Andersen will send the thoughts of men and women all the world over, first gratefully and affectionately to the land of his birth, and then to that wider country in which we were all once at home.

As a certain mediæval town was wont once a year for a few hours to open her gates to all her banished sons and daughters, so on Andersen's birthday we may all claim the right to return to that distant city of which we have lost the freedom.

It was in happy accordance with all the best traditions of fairyland that Andersen should have stumbled by ac-

cident upon his treasure-trove. He was born at Odense, in Fünen, on April 2nd, 1805. His father, a shoemaker, died before his son was fourteen, and his early years were steeped in painful and not very salutary experiences. At fourteen the clever, ambitious boy went to seek his fortune in Copenhagen; but though he found friends and protectors surely the most generous and constant ever provided for an exacting young genius, his hopes of winning immortality as a singer, an actor, a dramatist, or a poet—he tried it all ways—were not realized. It was not till he had knocked at half-a-dozen wrong doors that he touched by chance the spring which admitted him into

his own kingdom. In 1835 he published his first tales,—“The Tinder Box,” “The Princess and the Pea,” “Little Claus and Big Claus,” and “Little Ida’s Flowers.” Other little volumes followed, and the world was quick to recognize their surprising quality. Prosperity came with a rush. There were “Andersen afternoons,” when literary and aristocratic audiences crowded to hear him read his tales aloud; the King of Prussia asked him to dinner and gave him a decoration; both on the Continent and in England he was fêted and entertained. He lived to see his literary jubilee celebrated by the whole nation, dying at Copenhagen in August, 1875. “After all,” said he, in the pleasant evening of his days, “life itself is the most beautiful of fairy-tales.” One abiding regret was always with him; he had no particular devotion to children in the concrete, and did not care to be known only as a children’s writer. He greatly resented a sculptor’s design of representing him as the centre of a group of listening boys and girls. Who could imagine him composing stories, he asked, with a lot of young Copenhageners clambering about him? To the end the creator of the Ugly Duckling hoped he might be remembered as the author of his tedious novel, “The Two Baronesses.”

The explanation is that Andersen was too much a child himself to be quite at his ease in children’s society; too vain, too sensitive, too self-conscious, too visionary a child; and this is in part the secret of his power. No other writer slips so easily into a child’s geographical position; he understands to perfection his mistrust of vast spaces, of vague distances, the dread of being lost which conflicts so incessantly with the eager desire to venture into the busy, spacious world. When the china shepherdess and the chimney-sweep are eloping, they climb

up the chimney. “At last they reached the top and sat themselves down, for they were very tired, as may be supposed. The sky with all its stars was above them, and below were the roofs of the town. They could see for a very long way out into the wide world, and the poor little shepherdess leaned her head on her chimney-sweep’s shoulder and wept till she washed the gilt off her sash. ‘This is too much,’ said she, ‘the world is too large! I wish I were safe back on the table again under the looking-glass; take me back if you love me!’” When the beetle on his travels came in sight of the pond at the end of the garden, “he was so astonished at the size of it that he lay over on his back and kicked.” When, bored by the earwig children, he “enquired his way to the nearest dunghill,” the earwig assured him: “That is quite out in the great world, on the other side of the ditch. I hope none of my children will ever go so far.” That sense of the vastness and mystery which frame one’s own small life is the very stuff of which a child’s dreams are made. Andersen has the same clear sense of the reasonableness of childhood. When the cockchafer flew into a tree with Thumbelina, and told her that she was very pretty, “though not the least like a cockchafer”; when the hen urges the duckling to “lay eggs, and learn to purr as soon as possible,” in order to make a good impression on society, the child nods approval. The hen’s advice, the cockchafer’s reserve, are just what one would have expected. When the tin soldier (not the steadfast hero, but the other) has been presented to the lonely old man, and is so dull that he weeps tears of tin and begs to be allowed to go to the wars and lose a leg or an arm, just for a change,—“You must bear it,” says the little boy, his former owner. “You are given away, you must stay where you are, don’t you see that?” One feels it to be an

unanswerable argument, and grasps the leg of one's own favorite tighther.

Andersen's material is taken from various sources. "The Elf of the Rose" is a rendering of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." "The Emperor's New Clothes" is Spanish. Thorwaldsen (who never wearied of hearing his stories) suggested "The Darning Needle." Much is his own charming invention, and much was gathered from the field of folk-lore in which the Brothers Grimm worked so long. The German stories are ruder and more primitive in their form; the Danish writer's grace and sunny playfulness are exchanged for a broader simplicity, a more elemental mirth; there is perhaps nothing in Andersen that quite equals, to a child's mind, the sardonic humor of Grimm's tale of the cat and mouse that kept house together. On the other hand, the ingenious, unscrupulous Little Claus is a more vivid personage than Grimm's Little Farmer, partly no doubt because he has a name of his own. The animals in Grimm are almost all four-footed; he has hardly any birds. Andersen loved all feathered creatures, and the flutter of wings and the twitter of small throats are in all his pages.

It is on the question of morals that they are most decisively divided. Grimm encourages a belief in poetic justice. We have throughout the comfortable certainty that the prince will discover the princess in spite of all disguises, and that the wicked step-mother will be ingeniously and quite finally baffled. To this cheerful optimism Andersen will rarely condescend. Under his exquisite tenderness, his deceptive air of *bonhomie*, a note of fine and mordant irony is always audible. His theme is the conflict between the world's shrewd common-sense and "the high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard," and handling it, he forgets the frontiers of the child's

kingdom altogether. The story is told to the child; the moral is pointed at society at large, and sometimes pointed rather cruelly. "I can smell the Nile mud," said the mother stork. "Now you will see the marabout bird and the ibis and the crane. They give themselves great airs, especially the ibis; the Egyptians make a mummy of him and stuff him with spices; I would rather be stuffed with live frogs. Better have something in your inside while you are alive than be made a parade of after you are dead; that's my opinion." "Do you know only one story?" asked the rats. "Only one," said the fir-tree; "I heard it on the happiest evening of my life." "We think it a very miserable story," said the rats. "Don't you know one about bacon or tallow in the store-room? Many thanks to you then, and they marched away." "The mole pushed the dead swallow aside with his crooked legs. 'He will sing no more now,' said he. 'What miserable creatures they are. I am thankful'"—O the airy limitless humor of the phrase!—"I am thankful that none of my children can be born birds." In "The Portuguese Duck" a singing-bird escapes from the cat with a broken wing, and falls into the fowl-yard, where the Portuguese duck takes him under her protection. The drake came up and thought him a sparrow. "'I don't understand the difference,' said he; 'they appear to me much the same; but if people will have playthings, why, let them, I say.' Suddenly something to eat was thrown into the yard, and in rushing over to the other side the Portuguese trod upon the little bird. 'Tweet!' cried he. 'Why do you lie in my way then?' she retorted. 'You must not be touchy. I have nerves of my own, but I do not cry Tweet.' . . . When she had finished her meal the little bird, anxious to please, began to sing. 'I want to sleep now,' said the Portuguese. 'While you are here you,

must conform to the rules of the house.' The little bird was quite taken aback, for he had meant well. When she awoke, there he stood before her with a grain of corn that he had found and laid it at her feet; but as she had not slept well, she was naturally in a bad temper. 'Give that to a chicken,' she said, 'and don't always stand in my way.' . . . So saying she made a bite at the little singing-bird's head and he fell dead on the ground. 'Now what's the meaning of this?' said she. 'I've been like a mother to him, I know that; but certainly he was not made for this world.' Then all the ducks came crowding round the little dead bird. 'Speak of him with respect,' said the Portuguese. 'He was gentle and affectionate, he had manners and education, and he could sing.' . . . 'Let us think of satisfying our hunger,' said the drake. 'If one of our toys is broken, we have plenty more.' " It is a masterpiece of merciless satire, a pendant to that tragic miniature, "The Daisy."

Dr. Brandes tells us in a striking essay that Andersen is best understood, after Denmark, in Germany and in Great Britain, and that he is least appreciated in France. Meeting one day a young Frenchman who professed to know Denmark well, he interrupted him with the question, "Have you read Andersen's tales?" Of course he had. "And what do you think of them?" "Un peu trop enfantin," was the fatal answer. "And I am persuaded," says

The Spectator.

the Danish critic with justifiable warmth, "that a French child of five would have said the same." While hesitating to accept this terrible indictment of French infancy, it must be admitted that French literature in all its strength and wealth is a grown-up literature. The lucid, analytical French mind sees things too clearly to be quite at home in the realm of half-lights, the land of make-believe; and then, as Dr. Brandes suggests, they have La Fontaine. They have also Charles Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy. But between Andersen and Madame d'Aulnoy lie Rousseau and his gospel of the return to Nature, and all the protest of the new century against the manners and method of the old. We have only to glance from "The Tinder Box" or "The Travelling Companion" to Percinet, who, "in his rich green habit," is addressing his respectful reproaches to Graciosa. "Have a better opinion of my sentiment," replies the princess. "I am neither insensible to merit nor ungrateful for kindness received. 'Tis true that I have put your constancy on too many trials, but 'tis to crown it in the end." The adventures of Percinet and Graciosa, of Fanfarinet and Abricotina, are recorded for one age, one class; Andersen is for us all. The one writer presents us with an entertaining comedy of manners, the other with fragments of the eternal poetry of childhood.)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "The Minister as Prophet" Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish a small volume containing five lectures on preaching which the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson of New York delivered last winter before the

students of Bangor Theological Seminary. Few preachers of the present day better illustrate the broad views of the preacher's work which find expression in this volume. Earnestness, sanity and eloquence characterize his

own pulpit utterances, and his suggestions as to the aims and scope of preaching derive an added value from his own example.

The mixture of cynicism, innuendo and downright vulgarity which Elinor Glyn's public finds so palatable is served for it again in "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," dedicated, with a characteristic touch, "to the women with red hair," and detailing the adventures of as objectionable and odious a young person as ever posed as an *ingénue*. Her first success this writer undoubtedly owed to the popular belief that the "Elizabeth" of her "Visits" was kith or kin to "Elizabeth" of the "German garden," but readers of taste and intelligence must have found out their mistake long ago. Harper & Bros.

The house in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-champs, in which Victor Hugo wrote "Hernani," and from which he was evicted because of the disturbance made by the many friends who called to congratulate him on the success of that famous play which launched the romantic movement is about to be pulled down. "I am very sorry. I shall miss you," said the proprietress, who herself occupied a flat in the building, to Madame Hugo. "But what am I to do? I came here for tranquillity, and there is always this coming and going on the stairs. How sorry I feel for you, my dear lady! What a hard trade it is that your poor husband follows!"

Many personal friends, and many not included in that number who like serious and earnest verse, with some touches of lyrical grace, will welcome the "Later Poems" of the late John White Chadwick, which Mrs. Chadwick has edited for publication. In date of composition, they extend over twenty years, from 1885 to last September. Some of them are verses written for occasions. Others are poems of affec-

tion, of family ties, of religious faith. All are elevated and sincere and they disclose the inmost heart of a man whom it was good to know and who will long be held in affectionate remembrance. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland's studies in the administration of tropical dependencies, a considerable portion of which was first published in the London Times, are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a volume entitled "The Far Eastern Tropics." They embody observations at first hand of the relations of superior to subject races under the British, French, Dutch and American flags, and they are a highly important contribution to the general fund of knowledge regarding the Far East and the relations there between the governing and the governed. Mr. Ireland's fixed conviction, which has been strengthened by his observations, is that civilization is the product of geographical environment, and that the populations of what he calls the heat belt,—meaning roughly the area between 30° north latitude and 30° south latitude—represent a civilization which has been stationary for a thousand years, and have characteristics so different from those of the people of the temperate zones that it is useless to expect assimilation between them. It follows that if native ideals are to prevail in these tropical countries the substantial control of affairs must remain in the hands of natives, and that if the administration is to be conducted on western lines the control must rest with white men. Mr. Ireland's studies of colonial conditions in the British possessions in the Far East, in French Indo-China, and in Java lead up to an exhaustive, interesting but not very hopeful presentation of conditions in the Philippine Islands. These closing chapters give the book its prime importance to American readers.

PIPER, PLAY!

Now the furnaces are out,
 And the aching anvils sleep;
 Down the road the grimy rout
 Tramples homeward twenty deep.
 Piper, play! Piper, play!
 Though we be o'erlabored men,
 Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
 Let us foot it once again!

Bridled looms delay their din;
 All the humming wheels are spent;
 Busy spindles cease to spin;
 Warp and woof must rest content.
 Piper, play! Piper, play!
 For a little we are free!
 Foot it, girls, and shake your curls,
 Haggard creatures though we be!

Racked and soiled the faded air
 Freshens in our holiday;
 Clouds and tides our respite share;
 Breezes linger by the way.
 Piper, rest! Piper, rest!
 Now, a carol of the moon!
 Piper, piper, play your best,
 Melt the sun into your tune!

We are of the humblest grade;
 Yet we dare to dance our fill:
 Male and female were we made—
 Fathers, mothers, lovers still!
 Piper—softly; soft and low;
 Pipe of love in mellow notes,
 Till the tears begin to flow,
 And our hearts are in our throats.

Nameless as the stars of night
 Far in galaxies unfurled,
 Yet we yield unrivalled might,
 Joints and hinges of the world!
 Night and day! night and day!
 Sound the song the hours re-
 hearse!
 Work and play! work and play!
 The order of the universe!

Now the furnaces are out,
 And the aching anvils sleep;
 Down the road a merry rout
 Dances homeward, twenty deep.
 Piper, play! Piper, play!
 Wearied people though we be,
 Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
 For a little we are free!

John Davidson.

From "Selected Poems."

THE ROWFANT BOOKS.

(Ballade en guise de rondeau.)

The Rowfant Books, how fair they
 shew,
 The quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,
 Print, autograph, portfollo!
 Back from the outer air they call
 The athletes from the tennis ball,
 This rhymers from his rod and hooks.
 Would I could sing them one and all,
 The Rowfant Books!

The Rowfant Books! In sun and snow
 They're dear, but most when tem-
 pests fall;

The folio towers above the row
 As once o'er minor prophets, Saul!
 What jolly jest books, and what
 small

"Dear Dumpty Twelves" to fill the
 nooks.

You do not find on every stall
 The Rowfant Books!

The Rowfant Books! These long ago
 Were chained within some College-
 hall;

These manuscripts retain the glow
 Of many a colored capital;
 While yet the Satires keep their gall,
 While the Pastissier puzzles cooks,
 There is a joy that does not pall,
 The Rowfant Books!

 ENVOY.

The Rowfant Books—ah, magical
 As famed Armida's golden looks
 They hold the Rhymer for their thrall—
 The Rowfant Books!

Andrew Lang.

 ANY MOTHER.

So sweet, so strange—so strange, so
 sweet

Beyond expression,

O little Blossom!

To sit and feel my bosom beat
 With glad possession;
 For you are ours, our very own,
 None other's, ours;
 God made you of our two hearts alone.
 As God makes flowers
 Of earth and sunshine,

O little Blossom!

William Canton.